CATHOLIC PITTSFIELD AND BERKSHIRE,

BY

K. F. MULCAHEY.

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KATHERINE F. MULLANEY.

CATHOLIC PITTSFIELD

. . AND . .

BERKSHIRE.

By KATHERINE F. MULLANEY.

"'Tis but the rehearsal of the Past
* * * * * *
And History with all her volumes vast
Hath but one page."—Byron.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
PRESS OF THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY,
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PREFACE.

We are taught that in order to write history properly, one must be honest, truthful, and just. The writer is warned also that to be all this requires courage and fortitude.

This lesson has guided me in writing CATHOLIC PITTSFIELD, which now goes forth into the world of Berkshire on its mission of peace and good-will.

Its historical events are related with as much accuracy as is possible where no records have been kept of earliest days, the memories of old residents being the only sources of information. Every local newspaper since 1832 has been carefully searched for items, which were few and far between previous to 1864. Since that date, files of the *Eagle*, *Sun*, and *Call* have been of greatest help, Smith's History of Pittsfield being a mine of information regarding local history. No labor has been too great; no diligence spared that a right knowledge of men and events be arrived at, therefore, it is safe to say, that CATHOLIC PITTSFIELD is as correct as earnestness, honesty and diligence can make it. Following the lead of him who says: "The true critic is not he who finds most faults, but he who finds most virtues," I have written of persons and events just as my honest convictions dictated after thoroughly sifting the testimony.

The work has been called "a labor of love" by those who understand the difficulties and discouragements that beset the undertaking, and how small the temporal reward will be. As such, I send it forth, content in the thought that it was love for my faith, my race, and native city, which was the impelling force that guided my pen in writing CATHOLIC PITTSFIELD, and not the selfish motive of personal gain.

The book has been written amidst disheartening distractions, with many interruptions, which conflicting duties and numerous obligations made necessary, therefore, its defects of style and composition are not a few.

My thanks are due to Rt. Rev. T. D. Beaven of Springfield, Rev. Father Cuddihy of Milford, Rev. J. J. McCoy of Chicopee, Rev. T. H. McLaughlin of Huntington, Rev. T. M. Smith and our local clergymen for the help bestowed by kindly words and deeds. To Mr. James Harding, Editor of the *Sun*, and Frederick H. Prentice, of the Registry of Deeds Office, my heartiest thanks are due for their valuable assistance, which was given with such a generous kindness and active interest that it makes sufficient gratitude a difficult task.

May the mission of CATHOLIC PITTSFIELD be fulfilled by making Catholics more Catholic, the Irish more Irish, and all citizens more kindly one to the other!

K. F. MULLANEY.

OCTOBER 4TH, '97.

A Note from Rev. Fr. Smith.

In the publication of this story of Catholic Pittsfield, treating of a hitherto neglected portion of our city's history, the authoress had in view the preservation from threatened oblivion facts, dates, and names of persons closely connected with the introduction of Catholicity into Pittsfield. A plain, unbiased, and trustworthy account of the organization of the local church and its marked progress must prove interesting to the general public and specially so to members of a society, the phenomenal growth of which within the last forty years has been so frequently commented upon.

The speedy action of the authoress in this matter has been taken none too soon, as but few witnesses from these early years now remain. These she has sought out regardless of expense and labor and it is to be hoped that her book will find an appreciative public.

T. M. Smith, *Pastor of St. Joseph's.*

A Word from the Bishop.

St. Michael's Cathedral,
Springfield, Mass., Sept. 29, 1897.

Dear Miss Mullaney:

You are at liberty to place your "labor of love" in the hands of any one competent to assist you by criticism or counsel. It is not of obligation that it should receive the "imprimatur" of the ordinary of the diocese.

As the zealous labor of years now finds its crowning in your completed history, permit me to extend my congratulations in wishing for the work the appreciative reception that its merits may deserve.

Sincerely yours,

†Thos. D. Beaven, *Bishop of Springfield.*

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Catholic Pittsfield.

Catholic Pittsfield.

CHAPTER I.

Topography. First Settlers of "Poontoosuc," afterwards Pittsfield. Items of Historic Interest. First Irish Name Recorded—Patrick McGee, 1778. Visit of de la Fayette in 1825. First Catholic Honored Publicly in Pittsfield. Thomas Coleman, First Irish Settler, 1832.

MID a vast amphitheatre of Berkshire's famous hills, like a queen upon her upland throne, sits Pittsfield, fairest of cities. Gem-like lakes gleam with dazzling radiance upon her bosom, and the wilful Housatonic rippling its mazy way to the "mighty deep," broiders the emerald velvet of her robe with liquid silver. The graceful outlines of the circling hills are carven against the misty blue of serene skies with cameo clearness, whilst distance drapes their rugged forms with a royal robe of purple mist. Upwards, against the sunny glory of the Summer heavens, the smoke of Progress ascends from towering chimneys and speeding train, bespeaking the onwardness of this our thriving city. Piercing the embowering foliage of majestic trees, that cluster about palatial homes and comfortable dwellings, lining broad and beautiful public ways with almost a living arch of green, church spires point their tapering fingers upwards to that Eternal Home—so easily forgotten amid the strife and turmoil of human things; and everywhere and in every place the spirit of beauty dwells, weaving

her mystic spells over the rugged grandeur of the mountains, the sylvan loveliness of peaceful lowlands and hill enthroned city hid within its bower of trees.

Three golden crosses, agleam with the glow of evening sunbeams, concentres all our interest as Catholics, for they embody all the devotion and self sacrifice of local Catholic hearts for the honor of God and the glory of His church. From the eminence whence this view is to be had of palatial dwellings, embowering trees, lofty steeple tips, and smoke stained sky, not a mark of civilization was to be seen less than two hundred years ago. The mountains gloated, like giants petrified in a dance of victory, over the captive loveliness of intervening vales; the lakes sparkled in the sunlight; the streams and rivers wound their silvery way through velvet greensward, where the wild deer browsed in untrammelled freedom along willow fringed shores, until, perchance, the deadly arrow of the wily red man brought the noble forest king to earth and sent his death cry echoing among rocky hills and along the limpid waters of the streams. "Pontoosuc" and "Onota," "Unkamet" and Lilly Bowl sang their wave songs to the music of the pines with only the ear of savage nature to list to them. Over their bosoms sped the birchen canoes of the Indians swift as the cloud shadows chasing each other over glinting ripples. The hoot of the owl, the whirr of the partridge and the songs of forest warblers, alone breaking the soft monotony of their crooning melodies, save when the howls of wild beasts or the fierce sound of savage war cries rent the tranquil air and sent the horrid yells pealing among the echoing hills, silencing the birds and changing the lullaby music of the waves to sighs

of anguish, that man, of all God's creatures, must ever be at variance.

Not until 1752 did the white man enter these precincts as permanent settler. Grants of land in Berkshire had been parceled out by the Government at Boston in 1737, and sold to the highest bidder at public auction, Jacob Wendell, ancestor of Wendell Phillips and Oliver Wendell Holmes, buying the tract now known as Pittsfield, obtaining full title to it 1738. Attempts were made to settle it soon after, but, owing to Indian uprisings, the venture was a failure, leaving to Solomon Deming and his wife Sarah the dangerous honor of being first settlers. Coming from Weathersfield, Conn., they entered the confines of their new home on the pillioned back of their one horse, and took up their abode in a well built log house in the southeastern district of the town.

Thus were planted the first seeds of civilization in Pittsfield or "Poontoosuc," which means in Indian parlance, "The haunt of the winter deer," by which name it was known until 1761, when Col. William Williams, a sturdy pioneer and ardent admirer of the great English Earl, influenced the Governor of Massachusetts, a warm personal friend of his own, to name this lovely environment Pittsfield. From that time until now she has grown like the mustard seed upon her mountain elevation, becoming identified, through the patriotism of her sons, with every great event of American history.

When the country rose like another David against the English Goliath, her sturdy yoeman laid down their lives on bloody battle-fields, and largely aided by

their pluck and valor in turning the tide in favor of American victory at Bennington's famous battle.

When the war of 1812 rekindled the smouldering embers of international discord twixt the American Eagle and British Lion, again the men of Pittsfield buckled on their swords, shouldered their muskets and marched away to cement with their blood the still unsolid foundations of American liberty. The drums that beat the warning call to arms, and led on to battle were made by the thousand in Pittsfield. The muskets that blazed the deadly leaden fire which laid low, like sheaves of scarlet grain, the red coated invader, were manufactured in Pittsfield, and even the uniforms, worn by the heroes of America, were made of cloth woven in Pittsfield by the fair hands of Pittsfield's daughters.

Speaking of soldiers, it is interesting to know that on a list of seven recruits sent to the Continental army from here in 1778, on the 19th of May, appears the name of Patrick McGee. Who he was we know not, but the name is Irish in its every letter and belonged to a Catholic or a descendant of Catholics.

Pittsfield soil has been trodden by many a famous man, whose title to greatness none will question, but not one of them ever deserved the national gratitude or is niched in the people's heart as the first Catholic of whom we have record as treading Pittsfield soil. Longfellow dwelt here, the magic of his pen making the vibrations of the "Old clock on the stairs" heard the world over, from its station in the hall of the old manse on East street. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a summer resident for many seasons, residing on the last shred of his ancient patrimony, drinking in-

spiration from the "silver braided rills" and the blue ether that transformed the "shaggy shoulders" of the hills into contours of grace and beauty. Hawthorne has been here familiarly and Melville, one of the great ones of the literary world, lived here as one to the manner born, his uncle, Major Melville, becoming a settler about 1812. Soldiers and statesmen, poets, painters and actors great in the world's esteem have all been here, as honored guests, but not one has been so great, so highly honored, and so worthy of the same as he whose name is ever linked with that of Washington as saviour of the nation—Catholic de la Fayette. On a tour of the country in 1825, he passed through Pittsfield on his way to Boston, where he assisted at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. The citizens of the town met him at New Lebanon, at the state line, and escorted him to Pittsfield in an elegant coach and four gayly festooned with flowers. His arrival was greeted by booming cannons, pealing bells, and the enthusiastic cheers of thousands assembled from all parts of Berkshire to welcome the distinguished guest. A triumphal arch of flowers was erected beneath the shadow of the Old Elm, from whose branches floated a magnificent American flag—inspiration in its every fold and stripe and star. Thus was given an ovation befitting a king, to one who was a Catholic, and a hero, second only to Washington in the nation's heart, and so, citing Patrick McGee as the first real Irishman, and the Marquis de la Fayette as the first Catholic known to have stood within the confines of Pittsfield, we will pass on to the year of 1832, when the first Catholic settlers entered the town and caused much excitement when it became

known that "two wild Irishmen" were sitting in the park 'neath the historic branches of the Old Elm.

Thomas Coleman and his brother came from the County of West Meath, arriving in this country at Quebec after a three months' ocean voyage, which hardship proved fatal in its effects upon one member of this family who was buried at sea. They found themselves in quarantine for many days, with hundreds of their countrymen, likewise suffering from this aggravation of the many ills endured since leaving the Green Isle. After a short stay at Quebec, where the plague was raging, they entered the States and walked to Albany, where a relative lived, and thence, hearing that the mill known as Van Sicklers, was about to be built, they "footed it" to Pittsfield seeking work, which they quickly obtained of that friend of the Catholic Irish, Hon. Thomas F. Plunkett—himself a descendant of good old Irish stock, which name stands forth on the pages of Irish history as the embodiment of all things good and holy in that of saintly Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, who died a martyr for the Faith so dear to Irish hearts in the days of Cromwell the Cruel.

CHAPTER II.

1835–1839.

THE OLD BERKSHIRE HOTEL. REV. JEREMIAH O'CALLAHAN. THE FIRST MASS. SKETCH OF FATHER O'CALLAHAN'S LIFE AND CHARACTER. ANECDOTES.

N THE site where stands the imposing Berkshire Life Insurance Building, once stood the historic Berkshire Hotel, with whose existence the early history of so many of Pittsfield's first families is closely interwoven. On its wide verandas, or in its crowded tap-room, the village magnates met and discussed the current topics of the day with that strong spirit of partisanship ever characteristic of Pittsfield's old-time residents, which kept the town at all times in a state of healthy mental excitement preventative of any intellectual stagnation. Later on, it became the resort of bachelor stock holders and business men, who, until marriage necessitated establishments of their own, made it their home. Here, in the old days, rampant Whigs and Tories aired their sentiments with a vigor of expression and an honesty of conviction unknown in our times. Old soldiers with the scars of the Revolution glowing redly upon them, as the fire of enthusiasm was rekindled by the magic touch of memory, fought their battles o'er in this wayside inn, punctuating their remarks with a force of expression that was oftentimes more convincing than elegant. The "Berkshire" was the depot for news as it was the one "stop over" for travellers on their way from Springfield to Hudson or Albany or vice versa.

Its hospitality was so well and widely known that frequently it was unable to accommodate the large number who sought its shelter, and lodgings in private dwellings had to be provided for them.

The arrival of the stage coaches with their flourish of cracking whip lashes and sounding horns, was the one excitement of the somewhat monotonous life of the villagers, for with them came the newspapers and a whiff of air from the great outside world, in the persons of the travelers who were its patrons.

One day in 1835, a traveler alighted from one of the coaches, whose appearance created such a distinct sensation among the habitues of the "Berkshire," that politics, local dissensions, and even the dominant topic of the mooted Western Railroad, paled into insignificance beside the interest aroused by this new comer's advent, whose every characteristic proclaimed him a Catholic priest; a personality until then a stranger to Pittsfield. We can well understand the curiosity, not to say consternation, that his appearance caused; not that there was anything dreadful in his make-up, for he was a man of venerable years, with white hair crowning a thoughtful, care-seamed brow, and the marks of austerity of life and singleness of purpose in the poverty of his dress and the steadfast gleam of his keen eyes; but the Know Nothings (was ever name more fitly applied?) had sown the seeds of religious discord through the length and breadth of the land the year before, by the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, and by perpetrating deeds of violence against priests and nuns, that find no parallel of cruelty, save in the horrid records of the French Reign of Terror. Churches had been burned, priests tarred and feathered, and a

contumelious character given them more degrading than the vilest pitch, more absurd than the coat of feathers.

No wonder then, that even here, in honest-minded, high principled Pittsfield, these malignant germs had infected in a measure the ever liberal, if strongly partisan citizens, engendering a strong distrust, if not an active hatred for the maligned character of the Catholic priesthood. Nothing would be more natural, and nothing more excusable, for inborn prejudice is hard to be rooted out, and the effects of three centuries of calumnious teaching against the Catholic Church, had but brought forth the bitter fruits of its labors in the minds of some of our Protestant town fathers. An anecdote will illustrate my meaning.

Father O'Callahan was passing along East street next morning in company with one of the Irish settlers, when a rich property holder, perceiving him, said so as to be plainly heard: "What's that? A Catholic priest! I would give ten dollars for his head!" Irish fire gleamed in the eyes, and Irish wrath doubled up the fists of honest Tom Coleman when he heard this truly Cromwellian remark, but, like the good woman who had just made the mission, "the grace of God was about him *for the present*," and through respect for the priest, who bade him "not to mind it," he restrained himself as best he could until he said good by to "his Reverence" and was returning home. Meeting the same haughty bigot on the way, he marched up to him with true Celtic indignation and courage that is never a respecter of "Gentry" when his priest or church is assailed, and said, "Look ye here, Mister ———, if ye ever make a remark like that again, your own head

wont be worth ten cents, which same is more than it's worth this minute, ye small minded spalpeen." Rev. Jeremiah O'Callahan, whose advent provoked this wordy encounter between one of the town magnates and honest Tom Coleman, was a priest widely known in Europe as a man of pronounced individuality and deep learning. His books and principles gained for him a reputation for apostolic simplicity of aims that brought upon him the title of "Eccentric." Certain it is, that, though his book on Usury contained errors of judgment, which made it to be condemned by the ecclesiastical censors—and most justly—his whole life as a priest was one of burning zeal for souls and an unselfishness of purpose truly heroic, "Carry neither purse nor scrip" being the motto of his priestly life.

During the twenty-seven years of arduous missionary life which he spent in Vermont and Massachusetts, he never demanded a pension or salary, depending entirely on the free will offerings of the faithful for his support, which, he says himself "were always three times as much as was necessary." This is easily believable, as he kept neither house, servant nor horse, living in hired lodgings and most frugal manner, giving all his savings towards paying for the churches he had built.

He had an odd idea that collecting pew rents and paying interest on money was usury, therefore, in consonance with this belief, the pews of his churches at Burlington, Vt., and Holyoke, Mass., were always free, and he paid all bills as they came due, thereby avoiding notes and consequent interest.

He was traveling through Pittsfield to some other point of destination that memorable day in '35, and only that he was obliged to stay over night, the stage

going no further that trip, he would have passed on, leaving the few faithful Catholics to still greater deprivation of the religious consolations so long denied them.

There was a famous cook at the Berkshire in those days, and she was a Catholic. At the first opportunity she spoke to the priest and he, after inquiry, finding that four or five Catholic men and women were of the population, started out to find them with characteristic zeal, and the next morning said Mass for them at the house of a Mr. Daly, who lived beyond the tannery, on the Dalton road.

It is needless to say with what joy this good and most unexpected news was received, for Albany was the nearest place where they could attend Mass and receive the sacraments. It must have been a gladness unspeakable to people, of whom it is related, that they walked to Albany, carrying their children on their backs in order to have them baptized.

The poor but generous hearted congregation made up a purse of $14.00 for the "dear soggarth," but he would not accept it. They however insisted and prevailed, but their triumph was short lived. Before starting on his journey, he changed his money offering into flour, then $14.00 a barrel, and sent it to the house of Daly, saying: "With his large family he needs it more than I," and proceeded on his way with a happiness of heart largely augmented by the good deeds done.

Every year thereafter he visited Pittsfield regularly until 1839, when his greatly increased pastoral work in Vermont rendered it impossible for his increasing age and infirmities to attend such a distant mission as this Berkshire village.

The whole of Vermont comprised his parish, in which he labored indefatigably up to his seventy-sixth year, when he was sent to Holyoke by Archbishop Fenwick, whose diocese then comprised the whole of New England.

In his eightieth year Father O'Callahan wrote a book that made a certain minister named Walker, at Holyoke, a wiser if not a better man. "When Walker hurled his missiles at me in my eightieth year," he writes, "though weary and desirous of rest, juvenile vigor pervaded my old bones. I took my old weapons—the bulky tomes from their shelves—dashing them in his face, teaching him a lesson, I expect, which will do him much good." He was a fearless but not an aggressive defender of the Faith, attending to his own affairs when let alone, but a "lion of the Fold of Judah" if attacked. "When the wolf howls in the bush, the shepherd starts from his bed; when the heretic roars in the dark, the pastor buckles on the armor of God," he adds with comprehensive brevity. He died at Holyoke about 1859.

Such was the character of the priest who said the first Mass in Pittsfield. The people present on that occasion were: Thomas Coleman and wife, Michael Mulloney, Patrick Walsh, a Mr. Pendergast, Mrs. Ryan and Mr. Daly with his family.

CHAPTER III.

1844–1848.

THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE. FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BERKSHIRE BUILT. THE CHARACTER OF THE IRISH. FATHERS BRADY, STRAIN AND O'KAVANAGH. PITTSFIELD MADE A PARISH.

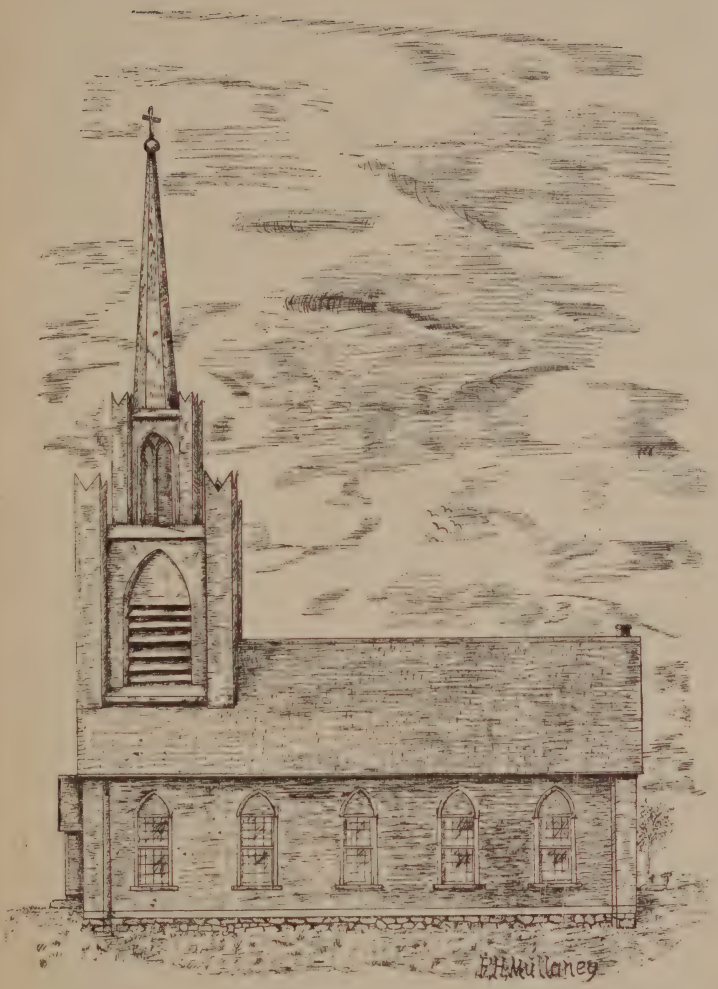
THE year of '44 is memorable in the annals of Pittsfield as that which has on its records the celebration of the great Berkshire Jubilee. For the benefit of any who may be in ignorance of this great event a short notice may not be amiss.

It was simply a "calling home" of all the great men of the Nation, who claimed Berkshire as their native place; a reunion of her sons and daughters, who had carven their names on Fame's enduring tablet, or attained by courage and perseverance, the high places in commercial and political life.

William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Catherine Sedgwick, were the literary stars in that galaxy of varied talents, where judges and lawyers and doctors of law, medicine and divinity, were only outnumbered by the magnates of commercial life. The vast and happy concourse dined and speechified on the lot adjoining St. Joseph's property, then a part of the Maplewood grounds, where this reunion was held on its second day's celebration. Gov. Briggs, the popular supreme officer of Massachusetts for seven years, presided over the gay festivities which had brought together so many of the Country's noted men;

men, who, like himself, had roamed as barefoot boys among these far famed hills, imbibing unconsciously, inspiration to higher things, which mountain scenery never fails to impart to the intellectual being who is native born.

The Catholics of Pittsfield and Berkshire though few and despised, had their own time of jubilee in that year of '44; for then it was, that the first Catholic Church within Berkshire limits was built, and the the symbol of Man's salvation lifted for the first time, its outspread arms to the "blue heavens bending o'er," pleading to the most High for still greater blessings to be poured out upon this already favored region. That plain edifice, built in the cheapest style and of much smaller dimensions than the present generation remembers, without seats or sanctuary, organ, bell, fresco or stained glass, represented in its poverty, a more generous meed of self-sacrifice and devotion, a more truly living faith in the hearts of the people, than the grand churches which today lift their beautiful proportions in Pittsfield and through Berkshire. The first, was the mite of extreme poverty; these last, are out of the abundance of comparative wealth. Built at a time, when, in the whole of New England, there were but thirty-five Catholic Churches,—a few more than at present lift their crosses to the skies in Berkshire alone—and they frequently burned by the Know-Nothings as soon as finished, those plain frame churches typify a faith that now-a-days is sadly lacking in the descendants of the Catholic first settlers, in whose Irish hearts the Irish faith lived in every drop of their generous Celtic blood; a faith that neither persecution, nor starvation, nor temptation could lessen in its warmth, nor



First Catholic Church in Berkshire County.

weaken in its vigor, nor send one thrill of cowardice into its heroic depths; whilst to-day one finds the Faith of our Fathers, frequently, a mere spark in the ashes, to which worldliness and self-seeking have reduced it.

Those plain wooden buildings were an easy prey for the Know-Nothing wolves, who burned them as soon as finished, but only to arise Phœnix like from their ashes, to take on a more beautiful and enduring life of brick and stone.

Whatsoever of religious persecution Catholics suffered elsewhere, in Pittsfield they were permitted perfect freedom to grow and thrive without molestation, being encouraged, and even aided, by the kindly words and generous deeds of their Protestant employers and neighbors. Individual bigotry and spite, of course, were not lacking, but, "one swallow doesn't make a summer;" nor one man, nor a class of men, a whole community.

The Catholics were entirely Irish; and, to them unacquainted with Irish history or character, save from English sources, they were a wild, semi-savage people; a sort of inferior being, worthy only of pity and oftentimes contempt, the negro alone, being relegated to a lower plane.

The building of the Western Railroad, begun in '39 and still unfinished, had brought into Berkshire a contingent of Irishmen well calculated to confirm in the minds of the Protestant people all their preconceived notions of the "wild Irishmen." They were illiterate, rough in speech and manner, addicted to drink, quarrelsome and sometimes criminal. That first invoice of Irishmen was, for the most part, a disgrace to the nation that bore them, but which was not responsible for the degradation that so frequently marred their characters.

They were about as true a type of real Irish character as the hybrid 'Dago' is of the pure Italian, or the Texan cowboy, or lawless 'moonshiner' of our southern mountains, of American citizenship. They were a type of Irish degradation brought about by three hundred years of unparalleled oppression and suffering; the dregs in the nation's cup of woe.

Unjust oppression and tyranny is not calculated to inspire a proud and war-like people with gentle manners and a law-abiding spirit; nor is persecution that would shame the horrid barbarities of American Indians, likely to impart feelings of love and tenderness for the descendants of a nation, or the representatives of a religion, which had ever been a bane and a curse to them.

Many of those Irish railroaders were the off scouring of the nation. Men whose characters had been twisted by the distorting influences of "ribbonism;" whose lives had been wasted by the lawlessness and wild enthusiasms of this hot-headed, reckless, irreligious class, who were a terror "at home" and a disgrace abroad; others of simpler, honester minds cast upon these shores like the helpless seaweed dragged from its roots by the power of the pitiless sea, had become a refuse lot, deprived as they were, of the controling influences of religion and home training, which had ever kept them in the straight path of Christian duty and protected them from the evil associations into which they had fallen through force of circumstances.

There is much to plead in excuse for the degradation of those early Irish in Berkshire. Extreme poverty, caused by unjust taxation; pestilence, arising from their impoverished condition, which swept over the land of their birth like a tornado, mowing them down like

forests in the path of the tempest; famine, which starved them by the million; and, on the top of all this woe, the lash of English injustice, more barbarous than Russian cruelty, for wild Tartar blood feeds the tiger veins of the latter, and not the red tide of a thousand years of civilization. Any one learning Irish history from impartial sources and hearing the story of Erin's wrongs from the lips of her poets and statesmen, will not be surprised that her downtrodden children, made desperate by their sufferings, should degenerate, as many of them did in the early '30s and '40s, when, strangers in a strange land—where they expected to find that beautiful "freedom" of which they had heard—persecution met them as soon as they touched its shores.

Failing to master, by fire or sword, the stubborn patriotism of the Irish, England devised a more subtle means in order to exterminate them, she could not conquer. Like the wolf in sheep's clothing, she offered to this plague smitten, famine stricken people, a seeming hope of deliverance from their many woes, by providing ships which were unseaworthy, and fitly styled "floating coffins," wherein they might reach America, or, better still, the bottom of the sea, and she be rid of them. By the thousands they embarked; by the thousand found rest from their miseries in the depths of the ocean; or, if they lived to reach the shore after tossing about in those death traps for a quarter of a year, it but was to sink by the thousand into a common grave where hardship and pestilence had brought them.*

Is it any wonder then that some of them who survived these manifold afflictions became hardened and

*At Montreal and Quebec 18,000 Irish lie in a common grave.

lawless and addicted to drink? Rather, the wonder should be, that a spark of humanity remained alive in hearts so sorely tried by "man's inhumanity to man!" Therefore, let no one condemn too hardly, the vice of intemperance which disfigured so wofully the character of the early Irish who made things lively in Pittsfield and Berkshire with the advent of the Western Railroad. Let it be remembered that the liquid poison of American manufacture is well calculated to deaden every humane quality, and a far different potion to the unadulterated "warmer of men's hearts," known as "mountain dew," with whose genial qualities the children of Erin were only too enamoured.

This was the class of people largely, whose generosity—for they were ever generous—built the first Catholic church in Berkshire. The unkillable Faith of the Irish, lived side by side with the unshakable and poetic love for their native land; twin stars, whose light neither persecution, nor pestilence, nor famine, nor even degradation, could extinguish in their misery enclouded souls; "Our God and St. Patrick," being still the one cry of their hearts which could silence every other.

In 1841 Rev. John D. Brady, of Hartford, was appointed pastor of Cabottville (Chicopee,) then formed into a parish. His field of labor extended to the New York line on the west, which explains his jurisdiction over Berkshire, where he came once in three months, to say mass and administer the sacraments. L. Pomeroy & Sons gave the use of some rooms in a brick building owned by them, near the freight depot, for the services of the Catholics on these occasions. Afterwards, the small house, which is still to be seen on the corner of Railroad avenue and North Pearl streets,

—the home of Benjamin Taylor,—being used for this purpose. From its small size, we may well conclude it was far from large enough to accommodate all who came from every part of Berkshire for the rare privilege of hearing Mass; so, it is not astonishing to hear that the yard had its groups of worshippers kneeling around the open doors and windows, in order to be "present;" nor, that the sermon was given in the open air. It is related that Mass, too, was said in the open air at times, with the branches of trees forming more than graceful architecture above them and the songs of the birds a more than harmonious choir.

Those were the days of faith, when from Hinsdale, Cheshire and West Stockbridge, the worshippers walked all the way to Mass, nor thought it much to do, even when the sun made the long walk on the railroad, a species of fiery furnace in the summer time, and in winter, a taste of Arctic climes.

It may be asked how these early Catholics managed to receive the Sacraments of Baptism and Marriage during these long intervals between the visits of the priests? They went to Albany—generally to Old St. Mary's—where they were married, had their children baptized, and in whose cemetery they buried their dead, as no Catholic cemetery existed in the County until 1846.

It has been told, that in earliest days, they walked the distance to have their children baptized, but, later on, they rode in the stage coaches running twixt Pittsfield and New York's capital city; a trip which afforded them plenty of excitement and amusement as a break in the monotony and hardship of their lot, because of frequent tip-overs, and the privilege of a stay in the

city, as long as funds lasted, or the "Cead mille a failthe" of relatives urged a more prolonged visit.

On the 12th of February, 1844, Father Brady bought for $200, the lot on Melville street, where now stands lovely Notre Dame, and built thereon, before the end of the year, the plain frame church which we all remember so well, and which was the mother of all the Catholic churches in Berkshire.

This old church was only a year younger than Holy Cross College, Worcester, built in '43. The cellar was built by James Donahue and the carpenter work was done by Abraham Burbank. Its first dimensions were much smaller than those we remember, several additions having been made by Fathers Cuddihy and Purcell, as time went on, and the increased size of the congregation demanded. Fathers O'Kavanagh and Strain, used to relieve Father Brady by alternate visits, until 1848; when Father Brady died at Cabotville, and Father Strain was made pastor in his place, Father O'Kavanagh being appointed pastor of Pittsfield's church, then elevated to the dignity of a parish, with its large family of Berkshire villages as dependencies.

CHAPTER IV.

1848–1852.

THE "PASSING" OF THE RAILROADERS. CHARACTER OF THE CATHOLIC SETTLERS IN BERKSHIRE. FATHER O'KAVANAGH. THE SCHOOL. THE CHOIR. FATHER O'KAVANAGH'S REMOVAL.

N 1848, the Catholics had increased to quite a respectable number in Berkshire. Nearly every village had its contingent of Erin's sons and daughters, that was fast being added to by increasing families.

The railroaders had passed onwards with the ever lengthening miles of steel or iron rails that were fast spreading their weblike complications over the country's surface. To the credit of Berkshire's Irish families, be it said, that few of these "spalpeens" settled amid its hills—or, if they did, it was but for a short time, the very atmosphere being too elevated for their low tastes.

The Irish stock of Berkshire is descended from poor but honest people; men and women who had tasted the full bitterness of Erin's cup of sorrow; but, whose natural kindliness of heart, nobility of soul and religious training, had preserved their morals intact, until contact with unbelief in its various forms, and a dearth of religious practices, had somewhat dimmed in their souls the sun of Faith which had ever warmed and cheered them in every vicissitude it had been their unhappy lot to suffer. An occasional over-indulgence in the "Craythure" followed by a bit of "ructions," just to keep up

shilelah practice, is all that can be brought against them, however, as a class ; and we are sure Pittsfield will not condemn them for that, as in early days, her own best men and citizens were not free from the same proclivities, or history is untrue. A people or a country cannot be judged by the standards of any other nation. To form just judgment, one must divest himself of all prejudice, all preconceived notions of what kind so ever. He must take into consideration the character, tastes and history of a nation or people, before pronouncing judgment ; and he must, above all things, seek his knowledge at pure wellsprings, else he will only imbibe a corrupted and vitiated information, that poisons soul and heart. English traducers had spread broad-cast calumnious reports of the Irish character ; and they, because of enforced illiteracy, being unable to refute the insulting charges brought against them by force of reasoning, or a command of diction, had to resort to the "argument of the stick," in order to make themselves understood as having principles worth defending, and, by so doing ease their overcharged hearts.

Irish expatriation continuing, many of the emigrants came to Berkshire, and particularly to Pittsfield, where employment was to be found in the various woolen and cotton mills, and on the Public Works then under way.

The church was built, and now the one thing necessary to complete the blessings which had come to them through steady work, and healthful, peaceful surroundings—was a resident pastor.

Outside the Catholic church, this great want is unknown ; for it is only the Catholic people who go to

their pastor, as to their father, in every tribulation and sorrow, as well as in joy and gladness of heart. The early Irish were even more given to this than we of today, because, in the hardships and injustice of their lot "at home," the priest was their tower of strength, sure refuge, wise counsellor and safe guide, in their every need and difficulty.

Father Bernard O'Kavanagh, a real Irishman himself, was one well suited to them in every way. He was kindly, large hearted, and gifted with a rare eloquence that could make "the smile and the tear," like sunshine and cloud, brighten or dim the light in their eyes, by his Irish wit and pathos, in alluding to Ireland's glories or griefs.

The Church, or "chapel," as it was called, now having a resident priest, who offered Mass at least every second Sunday—as on alternate Sundays Mass was said at some one of the outlying missions—the next thing necessary to add to the beauty of Divine worship, was a choir. There was no difficulty in finding good voices among the people who came from the 'land of poetry and song;' and soon a choir was selected and put in charge of Mr. Potter, a colored gentleman of musical tastes and some culture, who was the teacher of the Methodist choir at the time.

Mr. Potter was a pious man; and strove hard to impress his Irish singers with a sense of the sacredness of their duties, but any one who knows, and who does not, the spirit of fun in the Irish nature, and at the same time the inherent antipathy it had for the "dirty Nagurs," whose black faces filled them with dismay and repugnance, when seen for the first time on American shores; need no strong imagination to picture the

mischief and resultant fun that developed to poor Mr. Potter's scandalized sense of the fitness of things. To this day, peals of heartiest laughter follow the mention of his solemn black visage and rolling eyes, as he strove with uplifted fiddle bow, to inspire pious sentiments into his laughing "colcens" and mischief loving "boys."

There was no organ in those primitive times; Mr. Potter's fiddle being the only instrumental accompaniment. He was a good teacher of time and tune, and, as only simple English hymns were essayed, all went well for a while. It was when Werner's Mass was attempted, that Mr. Potter was found unequal to the task of teaching a Catholic choir. The Latin was too much for his faltering tongue to conquer, as the first "Kyrie Eleison" smote him dumb; though it isn't Latin at all. It was literally and figuratively "Greek" to Mr. Potter, who resigned from his long suffering position, to the regret of the choir, whose weekly amusement he was; and silence was the only harmony that rung its changes during Divine worship, until some time after, a second choir was formed, which was no improvement on the first. The second attempt was more disastrous than the first, as there was no leader at all; they, who had been under Mr. Potter's instructions, considering themselves fully competent to read notes and beat time without any help from one another, after the manner of country choirs. So the music that was produced by the singers, accompanied by a volunteer orchestra, which never had any instruction whatever, was simply ear-rending, and as productive of laughter as were ever Mr. Potter's white eyes and thick utterance.

There was a fiddle and a flute, played *adlibitum* and atrociously as regards harmony, but with a generosity and devotion, beautiful as to intention; yet the choir had to be dispensed with—or the congregation would have become lunatics—until Father Cuddihy's time, when he made the first successful attempt to start a choir that was able te render Catholic music in a manner suitable to Catholic worship. A school was started by Father O'Kavanagh also, which was about as much of a success as the choir.

The Know-Nothing spirit made things disagreeable for Catholic children in the public schools, and, to protect their faith from being tampered with, and their hot Irish blood from getting them into frequent scrimmages—because of the insults and sneers flung at them as "Paddies," and "Papists,"—Father O'Kavanagh opened a school for them in what was known as the "Church House," a part of the building proper, being simply a small addition large enough for a couple of rooms, where lived in earlier days, a man named Fallon and his wife. They lodged the priest when he came on his quarterly visits, doing the work of sexton, when required, in lieu of rent.

The teacher was a man named Billy Waldron, a typical Irish schoolmaster, whose knowledge was largely imparted by the aid of the rod; a memorizer, whose virtues none will dispute. He was a classical scholar, like all of the Irish who had any education at all, his "discoorses" on Hesiod, Horace and Homer, Herodatus and Josephus, being most learned, but scarcely suited to the immature intelligences of his restless, American born pupils; their attention being more agreeably taken up by the big boys, whose proficiency in

making spit balls and firing them with accurate aim at the teacher's head, summed up the knowledge they acquired at this seat of learning.

A monkey and a hand organ brought things to a climax, however, when the school was closed, and 'Billy" was laid up for repairs.

Whether these "harbingers of spring" made their advent in Pittsfield for the first time, at that date or not, tradition doesn't tell; but they fascinated the Irish children to such a degree, that they followed them *en masse*—like the little ones of Hamlin town, the magic flutist—forgetful alike, of time and school, until they were long late, and a flogging was the inevitable penance that awaited each and all for this breach of regularity.

When the truants appeared before Mr. Waldron, he was the picture of incarnate indignation; with a plentiful supply of freshly cut rods near at hand, and wrathful gleams in his learned eyes.

At this tableau of Justice, untempered by any show of mercy, mutiny sprang up in each child's heart; for what had they done but forget everything in the ecstacy of looking at a real live monkey? and what child could resist that in those early days? It was harsh, but discipline must be enforced, irate dignity appeased.

With the foresight of a general—who aims to subjugate or maim the leader of the opposing forces—knowing that confusion will ensue and victory more quickly follow—he selected as first culprit to be punished, the biggest scholar and leader of every mischief afloat, proceeding to deal out his code of justice with a hand that spared not, and proved a boomerang for his own undoing.

The biggest and most mischievous pupil in this case happened to be a girl, and a good looking girl, whom all the boys adored. A treasured Cornelian ring was broken by the first blow, and a terrible wail of anguish was the result. This roused all the chivalry, to say nothing of the wickedness, in the boys' souls, and a grand rush was made at the teacher, the memories of many thrashings and a long pent-up wrath giving a strength to their arms, and a weight to their blows, that quickly reduced him to state resembling jelly; and brought upon themselves the strong hand of paternal justice, when the shades of evening fell, and hunger forced their reluctant feet homeward.

When Mr. Waldron heard of the "welcome" they received, it soothed his wounds like a healing unction, and did much towards a complete cure.

Father O'Kavanagh was out of town when this revolt took place, or it would have been speedily quelled by his presence. The schoolmaster, however, was laid up for several days under the medicinal properties of beef steak poultices; so school was closed, nor was it opened at his recovery. It was deemed advisable to let the memory be forgotten, and, as his "occupation was gone," Mr. Waldron departed for other fields and pastures new, where, let us hope, he practiced a gentler method of instruction, or found a more subjective flock to govern.

The Irish people, however, desired for their children that education which was denied themselves by iniquitous laws, and again the attempt was made to give them the benefits of mental instruction, without exposing them anew to the contumelious remarks which were their frequent irritation in the schools of the town; so,

a second attempt was made to carry on a school of their own. A man named O'Callahan was hired as successor to "Billy," but alas! he proved no greater success than that first pedagogue. Mr. O'Callahan, too, knew the classics *con amore*, and with even a greater degree of knowledge than his predecessor. Euclid was as clear as water to his comprehension, and, like Goldsmith's famous schoolmaster,

"The wonder ever grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

But what is the use of knowledge as wide as Plato's, if the faculty to impart it is lacking? Discipline is the first thing necessary to the success of a school, and discipline O'Callahan lacked, as well as the power to teach. He was as lax as "Billy" was severe, even though his rod was a fishpole; his threats as thunderous as Jove's; and a floor sprinkled with cobble stones a daily penance, which no one performed if an open window or door was convenient. It is related that a couple of the pupils jumped out of the window one day, and ran all the way to East street, with O'Callahan after them in useless pursuit, leaving the "school" to its own sweet will, which was Bedlam indeed, when its master returned. There was such a system of "hookey" played, that O'Callahan, too, was dispensed with; a Miss Rooth being hired in his place.

When Father Cuddihy was made pastor, the school was discontinued, and the children returned to the public schools; his powerful influence and fearless championship of their rights, bringing about a better order of things in lines educational.*

*The incidents recorded are an almost verbatim account, given by some of the pupils who attended this typical village school,

Father Bernard O'Kavanagh was born in Ireland. His family was one of the highest in his part of the country, well born and wealthy.

He received his education, and was ordained in his native land, coming to this country in the late twenties; becoming largely identified with Catholic growth in Connecticut about that time.

When Cabottville, (Chicopee)was made a parish in '41, he was appointed assistant to Father Brady some time after, coming often to Pittsfield until the year of '48, when he was appointed first resident pastor. Until his removal in '51 or '52, he labored among his people with most commendable zeal, his pleasant ways and kindly nature winning all hearts.

After nearly fifty years of obliterating memories, he is remembered and spoken of by them who knew him with utmost liking for his genial qualities of mind and heart, and with deepest sorrow that his career in its last days was covered with a cloud which has never been lifted.

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whose counterpart was frequently to be found among the "American" schools, where the provincial twang was quite as marked as the rich brogue of the Irish teacher, and where discipline was as lax, and methods as harsh, and loose, as those we tell about.

CHAPTER V.

1852–1857.

Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, Second Pastor of the "Berkshire Missions." His Character and Work. Churches Built at Hinsdale, Great Barrington and Lee. A Sketch of His Life.

In 1852, a personality was added to the population of Pittsfield, that was destined to leave its impress ineffaceably marked upon the history of the town; a strong, clearly defined personality, that could not be ignored, nor overlooked, nor frightened, nor flattered; a personality, that has made itself felt and respected,—aye! and feared,—by the lawless, the reckless and the unjust, wheresoever circumstances have placed it, from days of earliest manhood even until now, when the weight of patriarchal years has scarcely bent the steel-like frame or laid their snowy fingers upon the stately head, though ninety winters of frost and storm have passed over its unbending vigor.

Father Cuddihy, is still the same undaunted champion of Catholic rights, as when he stood side by side with O'Connell and Shiel on Irish platforms, and grasped their hands in familiar friendship, in the days of Catholic Emancipation.

A man who had mingled with great men and come in contact with noble minds;—who had enjoyed the advantages of highest culture, and imbibed knowledge from the very wellsprings of learning in Rome the Eternal—was sent to the Catholics of Pittsfield and

Berkshire as second pastor. The choice was a wise one, and resulted in placing the Old Faith on a higher plane, and in a clearer light, than it had ever before enjoyed amid the hills of Berkshire. There was a wide field before him, with plenty of weeds in it to be rooted out, and yet abundance of good grain to be harvested

Rev. Patrick Cuddihy.

therefrom. His eagle glance at once comprehended the difficulties to be overcome, and his indomitable courage set him quickly at work plucking out, propping up, pruning, and otherwise cultivating, this goodly portion of the Lord's vineyard turned over to his care. It was no easy task set for his hand to do, that of looking

after a parish whose lines were bounded by Vermont on the north, New York on the west, Connecticut on the south, and extended to Westfield on the east. A radius of over forty miles, within which, were twenty-two villages with Catholic populations to be looked after, in connection with Pittsfield's ever increasing growth; but he did not flinch from the labors spread before him as a zealous priest to perform; nor did he shrink from the burden laid upon him. Every where in Berkshire he is still a vivid remembrance to the old settlers, both Catholic and Protestant; a part and parcel of its history, because of his untiring zeal, unflinching fortitude, and inflexible purpose.

To us, of to-day, these attributes may seem a little far fetched in their application, but no others would fitly express Father Cuddihy's characteristics, nor the conditions which called them into active life.

To use his own expression, they were a "wild lot" with whom he had to deal—and tame. "Ructions," were too frequently on the programme of amusements; and against these warlike tendencies, he set his face like a flint.

His flock was scattered over wild tracts of country, in well nigh inaccessible locations, at times, but no matter where they were, on the highest mountain elevations or down even into the heart of the earth,—where the iron mines kept busily at work, no small proportion of some of his congregations—he sought them out, and brought them back to their religious duties, and habits of civilization, by methods of "persuasion" that were irresistible, and entirely his own.

The lack of religious instruction was the great cause of many of these existent evils. The people had become

careless; and, when religion grows cold in any one's heart, then is the devil's harvest time.

Father Cuddihy, understanding well this natural tendency of fallen nature, set himself at work, building churches, and establishing missions everywhere; and, as a result, manners and morals were improved, and the Catholics commenced to take their rightful stand in the communities, of which they formed a part.

Churches were built at Hinsdale, Great Barrington and Lee. Missions established at North Adams, Stockbridge, West Stockbridge, Lenox and Cheshire. Mass was offered and the sacraments administered in twenty-two villages of Berkshire, and beyond it. Bigotry was rebuked, prejudice removed, and Catholic Doctrine explained in a manner that commanded the attention and respect of the Protestant element, and the unbounded admiration of the Catholics, who had no words to express their native pride and reverence for the pastor, who was received and entertained by the best families, as a most honored guest.

Father Cuddihy was of distinguished appearance, and possessed the courtliest manners, when occasion demanded. His wide culture and polished conversations, made him sought after by the most eminent of Pittsfield's best people, with whom he walked and talked, and "wined and dined," on easy terms of closest intimacy.

The memories of those early days, are very pleasant ones to Father Cuddihy, who said to the writer: "I did not experience one sad or unhappy minute in Berkshire." Among some of the pleasantest he recalls the memory of Mr. E. A. Newton and Rev. Robert J. Parvin, both of the Episcopal church of the town at that time.

Father Cuddihy possessed a pungent wit, which was frequently called into play, by coming in contact with minds that were not entirely free from prejudice against his faith and nation; but who good naturedly cried, "Peccavi," when made to feel their error by the keenness of its caustic humor. It was playing with edged tools, to trifle with his belief or principles, as many found to their cost; however, with his friends, he sheathed its sharpness in a velvet scabbard, as the following anecdotes will prove.

Meeting Rev. Mr. Parvin one day, he politely enquired, "How is Mrs. Parvin?" The young divine, thinking that at last, he could give a sly thrust, which the quick wit of the Irish priest could not parry, answered: "She is very well indeed," adding jokingly, "I am sorry, Father Cuddihy, that I cannot ask after *your* wife."

"Ah, but you *may*," was the unexpected and speedy reply. "The church is *my* spouse, Mr. Parvin, and, *unlike yours*, she can't run away from me."

It is safe to say, that no one inclined to be facetious, ever perpetrated that joke on Father Cuddihy again.

Mr. E. A. Newton's great generosity towards the Episcopal church of this town, and his ultimate severance from active communion with that denomination, are matters of history. Father Cuddihy and he were strolling along East street one day, when, on passing the Episcopal church, Mr. Newton expressed his regrets aloud to his Catholic companion in these words:

"Isn't it too bad, that, after all the money and time I have given that church, I yet cannot attend it!"

"How much did you give, Mr. Newton?" asked the priest.

"Seventeen thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Why, my dear sir," said Father Cuddihy, stopping short and gazing at his friend in mock astonishment," "*I would save your soul for half that amount.*"

This was meant for a good natured reprimand of the calumnious assertions so often heard, that priests, in return for money, promised salvation; thereby hinting, that the Episcopal faith charged *more* than even Catholics were accused of.

Mr. Newton understood, appreciated and profited, by the little "coup;" for he and Father Cuddihy remained firmer friends than ever after this good natured "passage at arms."

When Father Cuddihy decided, in '53, that another church was a crying necessity in the south part of the county, he at once purchased land in Great Barrington, whereon he built St. Peter's in the same year; but this was not enough to supply the spiritual wants of this fast growing section; therefore, in a few years after, he determined that another church must be built, and settled upon Lee, in his own mind, as the best location; it being about midway between the churches at Pittsfield and Great Barrington. The Stockbridge people, however, wanted the church in *their* town; and then commenced the laudable striving for preference, which caused Father Cuddihy no end of satisfaction, and required the aid of his ever ready wit, to settle amicably.

He called a meeting at Van Deusenville, which was neutral ground, and sufficiently distant from both places, to prevent any too strong representation of either side, and there the "pros and cons" were listened to and weighed in the balance of strict justice, by Father Cuddihy.

One of the Stockbridge pleaders, an honest man, much liked by his pastor, came to him, like another Nathaniel, privately, and said: "If you put the church at Stockbridge, Your Reverence will never be sorry; for they are a fine dacent lot of people, which you'll always be proud of, but the Lee people are a set of rapscallions and what-nots, that will never be a credit to you, for they are always quarelling and fighting and brow batin' one another. If I were you, Sir, I'd build the church among them that are good Catholics, and not among such ill-behaved folks as are at Lee." Now this was an "argumentum ad hominem," of man's mind rather than God's, but it furnished just the opportunity desired by Father Cuddihy, whose wit at once settled the disputed question. With a kindly gleam in his eyes, for the honest man who pleaded so earnestly but mistakingly in the cause of God's church, he answered gravely,

"Michael, when Our Lord came on earth He said, 'I came not for the just, but for sinners;'" therefore, as the Stockbridge people are so good, I don't think they need the church as much as the Lee people, who are *such great sinners*, as you say." The church was built at Lee in '56, not long after the Vandeusenville conference.

At Pittsfield, Father Cuddihy enlarged the church by building on a sanctuary,—which was lacking in the original plan—adding a fine stained glass window to the chancel.

This window was filled with various symbols of the Faith, and Ireland, that beautiful Isle, was not forgotten; for a couchant wolf-dog, with the round

towers and "sun burst" behind him, had its own subservient place in the glowing panes.

An organ was purchased from the Episcopal society, which was then replacing it with a finer one, and, for the first time in Pittsfield, the sublimly beautiful music of the Mass, was rendered by a well trained choir under the direction of a Mr. Hogan.

The old cemetery, bought September 5, 1846, by Father Brady, was so crowded with graves that it was necessary to buy land for a new one. On April 8th., 1853, Father Cuddihy bought of James L. Brooks ten acres, in the north part of the town, paying $600 for the same, and later, on May 25th., added ten rods more, to the original purchase.

This tract of land he laid out in excellent style, making fine roads and otherwise improving it, at a cost much greater than the purchase price. The cemeteries will be written of in a chapter by themselves.

The first Confirmation Class, to receive that sacrament in Berkshire, was formed and instructed by Father Cuddihy in 1854–5. It was a great day in Pittsfield, as fully a thousand people were confirmed on that occasion. They came from every direction, in all sorts of conveyances, with the vast number walking long distances, for the great privilege of being confirmed. "Blooming youth and bending age," knelt side by side at the altar rails, to receive for the first time, the unction of the Holy Ghost.

After a year's labor amid these rugged hills, where his scattered flock necessitated such frequent and long journeys over roughest mountain roads, Father Cuddihy found it necessary to call for help, in order that

all things should be done well, or be even partially attended to.

A young student at Maynooth College, had interested him while in Ireland, and, his ordination having now taken place, Father Cuddihy sent for him; and soon thereafter, Rev. Edward H. Purcell made his entrance into Pittsfield, where, for nearly forty years, he was to dwell as pastor of St. Joseph's.

In 1857, the climate of Berkshire, as well as the too arduous labors entailed upon him as parish priest, rendered it necessary for Father Cuddihy to be removed, for his health's sake, to a milder climate; therefore, during that year, he was assigned to the pastorate of Milford, Mass., where he lives, a marvel of good health and unimpared intelligence, at the patriarchal age of nearly ninety years.

Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, was born at Clonmell, county of Tipperary, Ireland. A vocation to the priesthood developing early, he was sent to College, whence he graduated in 1827, thence going to Rome, where, in 1831, he was ordained priest, by Cardinal Zurba.

In 1832, he returned to his native land, remaining for twenty years in the Diocese of Waterford. During that period, he became acquainted with many leaders of Catholic Emancipation, the most distinguished being the great O'Connell and Lalor Shiel.

Two of the leading men at that time, not known to the world at large, but greatly admired by Pittsfield's second Catholic pastor, as contributing largely to the great cause of Emancipation, were the famous Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Laighlin, and Bishop Kelly of Waterford, identified with Catholic American history, as first Bishop of Richmond, Va.

Dr. Doyle, was the first to combine the forty shilling freeholders to vote against the Tory landlords. Two years after he began this agitation, Daniel O'Connell was triumphantly returned to Parliament from the County of Clare; eventually winning the noble cause of Catholic Emancipation, for which he battled so long and bravely. Father Cuddihy came to America in the ship Asia, the last side-wheeler that crossed the Atlantic, making the trip in twelve days; remarkable speed for those times.

After landing in New York, he was introduced to Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, by Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, first Archbishop of Nova Scotia. Bishop Fitzpatrick immediately assigned him to the "Missions of Berkshire," where he remained five years, doing noble service for the Church; leaving behind him the enviable reputation of a most zealous priest and cultured gentleman. For forty years he has dwelt at Milford, Mass., continuing his zealous labors with unwearied vigor. His church, built of best quality of granite, is one of the finest in the state, having the rare characteristic of a pure gothic tower, to add to its symetry. Springing from the very soil, it lifts its stately length heavenward, in most admirable beauty of proportion. From its proud height, the music of chiming bells floats abroad, until the whole atmosphere is vibrant with their harmony, which only dies away in the ether, at the distance of many miles. He posesses some of the works of the best Masters of Christian Art. A Crucifixion, and Burial of Our Lord, being the most valuable and beauiftul; though a small fresco of the Nativity, is his own "best beloved." It is a grand sight, to see a man, who has passed sixty-four

years of his life as priest of God,—a longer space of time than is allotted most men to live of ordinary years—and grander still, to see him as upright under the burden of his years, as when the consecrating unction of his priesthood first touched his young hands.

Father Cuddihy is the oldest priest in America. Like some grand old pine, unbent by age, he stands,

> "A venerable aspect!
> Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
> And worthily becomes his silver locks;
> He bears the marks of many years well spent,
> Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience."

CHAPTER VI.

1857–1862.

FATHER PURCELL, THIRD PASTOR OF THE BERKSHIRE MISSIONS. IMPROVEMENTS MADE IN THE CHURCH. SICK CALLS. REV. CHARLES LYNCH. THE WAR. PITTSFIELD'S FIRST MARTYR.

URING the first few years of Father Purcell's pastorate, Catholic life in the Berkshires flowed onwards serenely and peacefully as the quiet streams of our lovely vales.

The Irish were growing in prosperity and influence, despite the many slurs put upon them, and the many tests by which their patience was tried. Business ventures were hazarded; and soon provision shops, clothing stores, a marble-yard, and a tannery, were owned by Irish Catholics.

Whilst "Ireland had become a desert, with the bones of people bleaching by the waysides, and grass growing in the streets of her villages," * because of the forced exile of her starving children, here in the Land of the Free, their inherent worth was making itself felt, and their pluck and valor, self-sacrifice and devotion, was slowly but surely clearing away the forests of prejudice which barred their settlement on American soil.

As their children grew and thrived in these happier surroundings, the true spirit of the Irish sprang upwards, fearless and bold as an eagle's flight, in the invigorating atmosphere of Freedom; and we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is no people

*London Despatch, 1849.

in the mosaiced nationality of the United States, who feel such enthusiastic love for star crowned America, as the descendants of Irish exiles,—for gratitude is an Irish characteristic, and patriotism an inherited virtue. Love of country beats in every drop of the blood, that, for hundreds of years, and thousands of generations,

Rev. E. H. Purcell.

has surged in hot rebellion against tyranny and oppression; nor will it be subjugated. No, not if ten thousand cycles of years were spent in the cruel endeavor!

The world knows of what stuff Irish courage is made, for in every land, it has won glorious laurels—

but the world does not seem to understand, that it is Catholic teaching which lights up in their souls, the holy fire of patriotism, which has so distinguished Ireland's sons on European and American battlefields. Even though Washington said, "that American freedom was largely due to Irish skill and heroism," there are many who forget all they have done, in the blind hatred they feel for the religion of the Irish.

Like the bigot of Dean Swift's time, who wrote upon his gates the well known inscription: "Jews, Turks and heathens, all are welcome here but Papists," they welcome all but Catholics. If it so happens, that an Irishman is not a Catholic,—then, even an "Irishman" is welcome. Dean Swift was a large hearted man, and dispised this hateful bigotry, therefore, he added his famous couplet to the narrow minded inscription, saying in sarcastic approval:

> "Who ere wrote this, wrote it well;
> *For the same is written on the gates of Hell.*"

There are some even in Pittsfield, who bear the bigoted inscription on their hearts, even though their lips smilingly disclaim it.

Catholic Pittsfield of today, with her three grand churches, and a fourth as a near necessity; her population of nigh 10,000 souls; her fine convent and continually growing prosperity, is not much like Catholic Pittsfield of forty years ago, when Father Purcell took the reins of pastoral government into his hands, and all of Berkshire comprised his parish. The work of his predecessor had put things ready made into his care, and for five years, no great effort was required of him. He simply went on in the footsteps of Father

Cuddihy, attending to his priestly duties quietly and unostentatiously, doing what his hand found to do with simple hearted devotion.

A bell was bought, which Father Cuddihy blessed in '57; and which still rings out from St. Joseph's steeple; (being removed from the old belfry when the new church was completed); galleries were added to the interior, for the accommodation of the fast growing congregation, and handsome frescoes gave a decided touch of beauty to the chancel ceiling. These frescoes, portraying the four evangelists, were specially fine, and a great addition to the sanctuary.

Some artists, who were traveling through the Berkshires, were hired by Father Purcell to do the work; but, whether they found the walls unfitted for decorative painting, or that they were unused to this line of work, is a question; for cotton cloth had to be purchased, stitched together, stretched on frames, and then it was painted with a skill and taste, not always to be found in the mural decoration of village churches. The frames were afterwards fitted to the ceiling; and thence, for many years, until the church passed into the possession of the French, Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke and John preached the gospel in silent eloquence, to the kneeling congregation of old St. Joseph's.

The office of parish priest in those early days, was no sinecure; the sick calls, alone, demanding heroic self-sacrifice and gigantic patience, as many of them were "false alarms," furnishing magnificent opportunities for the practice of these virtues. They might come from Sheffield, or Great Barrington, or North Adams, or Huntington, and off the priest must go, even

if the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero, and the hour midnight.

Many a tale of midnight rides, could Father Purcell tell, when the rough mountain roads were coated with ice, or drifted with snow, to the depth of many feet, and the mercury low enough to excuse postponing less urgent visits; but, a sick call, to a good priest, is ever an angel's trumpet blast, drowning by its awful notes all selfish cries whatever, that poor human nature may feel inclined to utter.

When the case was really urgent, every hardship was forgotten in the spiritual joy of helping a poor, trembling soul to brave the terrors of death, by the supernatural courage which sacramental grace bestows; but, when it was a case of unthinking selfishness, it was no small trial to human nature to travel thirty miles, may be, on a night of freezing weather, to find at the journey's end,—some old lady, comfortably smoking her pipe, after the slight indisposition had passed away, as was often the case.

Many a time, during his life, did Father Purcell make up his mind not to pay any attention to these needless calls; but, it is unknown that he ever refused to go; and is a fact, not to be disputed, that, whilst he was sole shepherd, not one of his widely scattered flock, died without his ministrations.

In exasperation, sometimes, at these unnecessary night calls, which sowed the seeds of disease that cut short the life of some of his curates, he would announce from the altar, that, for the future, unless the physician in attendance deemed it necessary, night calls would not be attended to; but, as soon as the clanging door bell aroused the household from slumber, he was the

first to break his own rule, and send off his victimized assistants, on another of these wild goose chases,—fearful lest any one would die without the priest. To the day of his death, this dominant habit governed him, no matter how often he strove to break loose from it.

About the most exasperating night call we ever heard of, is related as the experience of a young and delicate priest, whose frail constitution gave way before the incurred hardships of his mission duties.

His parish was only a few miles from Pittsfield, in the most mountainous part of the Berkshires. One night in winter, a storm, which rose out of the "barbaric splendor" of the sunset, held high revel in the hills. The wind moaned like a banshee around the corners, and down the chimneys of his shuddering cottage. The doors and windows rattled, as the blast struck them; but the fire was bright, and his plain sitting room—cosy and most comfortable, by contrast with the storm without. As a specially fierce storm demon, went howling around the corner, our priest, who was quietly reading his "Office," uttered a prayer of silent thanksgiving, that no one was sick in his parish, this night of snow and tempest. His solitary Te Deum was scarcely offered, however, when a loud knocking at the outside door, made him groan in spirit with sure premonition of what was coming, yet fully determined to face the storm fiends, if a soul needed his assistance. Hastening to the door, he found one of his most distant parishioners, blocking the entrance with his burley figure.

"Why Tom, my dear man, what brings *you* here! Surely there is none of your family sick?"

"No, Your Reverence, and thank God for it! Its Paddy ——, that wants you."

"Paddy —— wants me! Well then he wont get me. Its just one of his spells of Asthma that is bothering him, and he will be all right in the morning. But, come in man and get warm; you must be frozen after that long drive! Is he *very* bad this time Tom?" The conscientious priest was fearing lest Paddy's attack might be his last for such chronic cases as his are some times deceitful.

"Well, Your Reverence, I dunno. He was tuk bad this afternoon, choking and wheezin', and every breath you would think would be his last. He *says* he's dyin' and was roarin' out, 'was he to be left to die like a haythen without the priest;' and sure, that was more than I could stand, seeing that he is from me own dure at home; so I hitched up and kem, for I didn't want it on me conscience that any Christian should want the priest and not get him."

Honest minded Tom! His simple account prevailed with Father W——, notwithstanding that he felt in his heart, that it was only another needless trip to that incorrigible Paddy, who had been "dying" like this for years.

Out into the storm, went this delicate priest, and over weary miles of road, whose drifted unevenness pitched them out many times, ere they reached the sick man's domicile, up among the mountain ridges. At last, almost frozen, they arrived at their destination, to find Paddy—enjoying a "shaugh" of his pipe, after the paroxysm of choking had passed away.

The priest, was simply speechless with just indignation, as this well known picture met his sight; but

yet, being blessed with a sense of the ridiculous, he could not help smiling at "dying" Paddy, smoking his pipe in serene unconsciousness, that he had given any trouble at all, by his selfishness. "Sure what is a priest for but to come when he's axed," was his oft repeated excuse.

"Welcome Your Reverence. Yes, sure, *I thought* I wor dying, and sure I am, but I'm not so bad as I wor. Sit down and be comfortable; and now that you are here, just settle an argument, that Tom there, and meself had yesterday, before I was took with the death rattle. Tell me, *what place are you from in the ould country?*" This is what our patient priest was called out, in the middle of the night and a blinding storm, to hear! No wonder that such night trips, laid him in an early grave, whilst old Paddy lived on, to test the virtue of his successors in like manner, for many years afterwards.

Calls like this were not infrequent in Father Purcell's time as the long line of his curates can testify, but, as the "old people" are dying off, they become less and less frequent.

It was whilst attending a distant sick call in '61, that Father Purcell received the injury, which disabled him for active work ever afterward. A railroad collision happened during the trip, injuring his spine so, that a running-sore resulted which never healed—incapacitating him for the laborious duties of his pastorate, and necessitating an assistant, who came to him shortly after, in the person of Rev. Charles Lynch, afterwards first pastor of North Adams. Father Lynch, was well fitted for the field of labor before him. He was young, strong and fearless, zealous and energetic, with a

masterful character. This combination of gifts, marked him out, a few years later, as the one *par excellence* suited for the onerous task of cultivating Catholicity in the rocky soil of Northern Berkshire, where he went in '63.

Soon after Father Lynch's appointment to Pittsfield, Father Purcell took a three months' trip to Ireland, for his health's sake, leaving his new curate, in sole charge, as pastor *pro tempore*.

During this time, the energy of Father Lynch manifested itself in various improvements made in the church; the greatest and most needed, being the addition of gas; then, a new luxury to Pittsfield. War clouds, were darkening the national sky in the meantime, and, as in earlier days, Pittsfield was not slow in feeling the crisis in the innermost depths of her heart, and in giving speedy token of her loyalty. Her Irish Catholics, were among the first to volunteer; in their generosity, forgetting every stone of calumny, that had ever been hurled at them as being "alien," and "strangers," "unpatriotic," and "enemies to the Constitution;" though, as to *where* they had ever given slightest proof of such feelings, by word or act, would have been a difficult question for their calumniators to answer.

All this was forgotten in the thought, that the country of their adoption and their birth, was in danger;—none, in this hour, remembering the insults, so recently and freely, heaped upon them by the Know Nothings,—as they bravely and generously offered the homage of their impulsive Irish hearts, in the service of the Union. Was it not Napoleon who said, "Give me Irish soldiers and French commanders, and I will conquer the world?" *He* understood what Irish valor was; and on Gettys-

burgh's Heights; and Malvern Hill; at Bull Run and the Wilderness; and on every battlefield, from Harper's Ferry to Appomatox, Irish blood flowed in river tides from Irish hearts,—a gory testimony, indeed, of their love and loyalty. In one battle alone, 900 Irish soldiers, lay prone and shattered on the blood drenched soil;

Rev. Charles Lynch.

nine nundred, out of the 1200, who stormed the heights, with a valor and heroism, unparalleled throughout the war; and which called forth enthusiastic praise from even bigoted hearts, and made war-scarred veterans lift their hats in veneration, when the Irish Brigade was mentioned. Every man of that gallant Twelve

Hundred, heard Mass and received absolution, before going into battle; for the maligned Catholic priest was there, too, in the very shock of battle, and to his exhortation, and to the inspiration of his presence, is largely due the sublime courage, that was more than human in its heroism.

Here is a sketch that will give a picture of Catholic patriotism, drawn from "The Irish in America." "The war had in it nothing more remarkable than the religious devotion of the Irish soldier when ever he was within reach of a chaplain. The practice of their faith, whether before battle or in retreat, in camp or in bivouac, exalted them into heroes. The regiment, that in some hollow of the field, knelt down to receive bare-headed the benediction of their priest, next moment rushed into the fray with a wilder cheer and a more impetuous dash. That benediction nerved, not unmanned, those gallant men, as the enemy discovered to their cost. Even in the depths of winter, when the snow lay thick on the earth, the Irish Catholics—Federal or Confederate, it mattered not which—would hear Mass devoutly on the bleak plain or the wild hillside, standing only when that posture was customary, kneeling in the snow and slush during the greater portion of the time."

A distinguished colonel of genuine American descent, who bore on his body many memorials of desperate fighting, once made the following remarks regarding a regiment of the Catholic Irish in the war—for there were many regiments composed entirely of Irish soldiers. "Their chaplain—a plucky fellow, sir, I can tell you—had extraordinary influence over them; indeed he was better, sir, I do believe, than any provost-marshal. They

would go to Mass regularly, and frequently to Confession. 'Tis rather a curious thing I'm going to tell you; but it's true, sir. When I saw those Irishmen going to confession and kneeling down to receive the priest's blessing, I used to laugh in my sleeve at the whole thing. The fact is—you will pardon me—I thought it all so much tomfoolery and humbug. That was at first, sir. But I found the most pious of them the very bravest—and that astonished me more than anything. Sir, I saw these men tried every way that men could be tried and I never saw anything superior to them. Why, sir, if I wanted to storm the gates of Hell, I didn't want any finer or braver fellows than those Irishmen. I tell you, sir, I hated the "blarney" before the war, but now I feel like meeting a brother when I meet an Irishman. I saw them in battle, sir: but I also saw them sick and dying in the hospital, and how their religion gave them courage to meet death with cheerful resignation. Well, sir,"—and the great, grim, war-beaten soldier laughed softly as he added, "I am a Catholic now, and I no longer scoff at a priest's blessing, or consider confession a humbug. I can understand the difference now, I assure you." *

Of the bravery of the Irish, a general,—one of the fiercest fighters of the war—said, "If tomorrow I wanted to win a reputation, I would have Irish soldiers in preference to any others; and I'll tell you why. First, they have more dash, more *elan* than any other troops that I know of; then they are more cheerful and enduring—nothing can depress them. Next, they are more cleanly. The Irishman never failed to wash

*The Irish in America, page 558.

himself and his clothes. Not only were they cheerful, but they were submissive to discipline when once broken in—and where they had good officers that was easily done; once they had confidence in there officers, their attachment to them was unbounded. Confidence was established once they saw their general in the fight with them. They required strict discipline; but they always admitted the justice of their punishment, when they believed their commander was impartial; and they never were sullen, or bore malice. There was one great element of strength in these men—they were volunteers, every man of them. Many could have been excused on the ground of their not being American citizens, as not more than one third of them had the right to vote at the time; but they joined of their own free will—no Irishman was conscripted. I repeat, if I had to make a reputation with from one to ten thousand men, I would want the same men as I had in the war:—Irishmen from the city, the river, the railroads, the canals, or from ditching and fencing.—They make the finest soldiers that ever shouldered a musket."

The testimony of another Southern general is as follows: "My experience of the Irish in our army is this,—they could endure more than any men on the face of the earth. They would march all day, and the officer in charge would have trouble enough to keep them from playing tricks on one another; and when all others, tired by bodily fatigue, would lie down, indifferent as to what would happen, they were as lively as ever, and if there were any chance of devilment up, they were bound to be in the midst of it. * * * Their officer must be worthy of their respect. The

first condition of their confidence is, that he must be worthy of it,—that he is brave and daring—that he can be trusted—that he wont shirk his duty—that he is ready himself to do what he asks them to do. Satisfy them of this, and there is nothing their leader cannot do with them, or that they wont do for him. They would readily die for him. * * * There are no keener judges of an officer than they are; and woe to the officer who excites their contempt."

"Why, then, Captain," said a great strapping Irishman to his officer, as he scratched his head with a kind of bashfulness that sat ill upon him. "Why then, Captain, could you tell us when we are to have something to do? The boys want a fight bad; they hadn't one for a long time, and sure they can't be always without a scrimmage of some kind or another, just to keep their hand in, as one may say."

"I tell you, my man," replied the captain, "you'll have quite enough of it soon." "Faith, Captain, I'm thinking its you that don't care for it yourself, and that's the raison the poor boys don't get it," replied the disappointed ambassador with a look of undisguised contempt. That captain did not long remain with his company.

An orderly named Moloney, was given his officers second horse in charge, with strict injunctions to keep it in reserve for him; but scarcely had the firing begun when he saw Moloney spurring the horse and brandishing his sword in the thickest of the fight. The horse could not well be sacrificed, even to gratify such warlike ardor. Therefore, Maloney was captured, and ingloriously led back. "How dare you, sir, disobey my orders?" asked the indignant Colonel. "Why, sir,

I felt I would be disgraced if I hadn't a dash at them with the boys. Yes, faith, Colonel, I would never hold up my head again." "It was a bare-faced excuse," said the Colonel, in telling the story, "it was nothing but sheer love of fight; for Moloney hadn't his character to make them—he had a good record before."

"At the battle of Shiloh," said an officer, "an Irishman of my company, was severely wounded in the shoulder, and was carried back to the Infirmary depot, as all supposed, disabled for several months. We became hotly engaged soon after, and to my surprise, I saw this man in the ranks of his company, fighting like a tiger, the blood running freely from his arm. As soon as I could I asked him why he was not in the hospital. "Oh, Colonel, he said, 'when I heard the guns going I was afraid the boys would be lonesome without me, so you see I came back to keep them company; besides my arm is not so bad after all.'"

At the battle of Manassas, some troops were ordered to lie down, that the storm of shot and shell might pass over them, but an Irishman whose name was Morris, remained standing, shouting out, "Be jabers! I didn't come here to lie down and fight; I came here to stand up and fight like a man!" And "stand up" he did, his clothes riddled with bullets, and his flesh torn—but he escaped all serious injury, miraculously, as it were.

A young officer, much loved by an Irish subordinate, was lying, as it was thought, mortally wounded, at Gaines Mills, Va. During a warm fire from the enemy, this noble fellow, Michael McGrath by name, was bringing a pot of tea to his "leftinint" when a bullet spilled the soothing beverage. No harsher expression escaped his lips than this, "D——n ye! ye didn't know

what a devils own time I had to get the hot wather, *or ye wouldn't do it.*" Afterward, when his young commander was taken prisoner with himself, Michael feigned illness, so as to be permitted near him, that he might care for him—such is Irish devotion!

The fighting qualities of the Irish, were held in equal value, by Federals and Confederates. The Southerners would say, "Send away your Irish, and we will whip you well," and the Northerners would answer, "If all in the South fought like the Irish, secession would long since be an accomplished fact," for in the front ranks of the rebels, as in those of the Union boys, the Irish were to be found fighting for their principles, like the rest of the American world. Gen. Patrick Cleyburne of the South said, "he never had tougher work than when he met the Northern Irish; that Sweeney gave him the hardest fighting;" then it was Irish against Irish. Here is the testimony of a War Chaplain, regarding the children of Erin, "Commanders prefer them, not only for their bravery, but their cheerfulness, and for their cleanliness and neatness as soldiers. When others would be resting, the Irishmen would be washing their clothes. * * * They were true soldiers; tigers in battle, lambs after. It was beautiful to witness their conduct to the enemy; they were kind as women to them, assisting the wounded, dividing their rations with them, losing every feeling of anger and hostility."

A Conneticut Irish regiment was quartered in New Orleans. One of its soldiers was stationed as sentinel before one of the finest houses in town—which General Butler intended for his headquarters—and his orders were, that nothing should be taken out, nothing pass

that door. The sentinel was suddenly interrupted in his pacing to and fro by the appearance of a young girl at the door who timidly said, "Sir, I suppose you will let me take those few toys in my apron? Surely General Butler has no children who require such things as these?" "Young woman," was the stern reply, "my orders are premptory—not a toy, or thing of any kind, can pass this door while I am here. But miss" added the inflexible guardian with true Irish chivalry, "if there is such a thing as another door, or a back window, you can take away as many toys as you can find, or whatever else you wish. I have no orders against it; and the more you take the better I'll be pleased, God knows."

"The Irish displayed a still nobler quality than courage, though theirs was of the most exalted nature; they displayed magnanimity, generosity, Christian chivalry. From one end of the South to the other, even where the feeling was yet sore, and the wound of defeat still rankled in the breast, there was no anger against the Irish soldiers of the Union. Whenever the feeble or defenceless required a protector, a woman a champion, a church a defender; the protector, the champion, and the defender were to be found in the Irishman, who fought for a principle, not for vengeance or desolation."*

Such is the record of the men who still are treated with contumely, because of their faith and race, as being "enemies to the nation, unpatriotic and alien!" Not long ago a play was given at the Academy of Music. One of the characters in it was an Irishman "looking for fight." Some women who were present

*The Irish in America.

remarked, so as to be heard by an Irish-American sitting close to them—"That's just the way with all the Irish, they love fighting." "Yes, and if they didn't, this country wouldn't have the stars and stripes floating over it," was the quick retort of the Irish woman.

Pittsfield's first martyr was a young Catholic Irishman. A mere boy, whose young life went out in the country's service, Dec. 27th, '61, on his twenty-first birthday. He fell Oct. 21st, '61, three rebel bayonet thrusts pinning him to the earth during that frightful and unnecessary holocaust at Balls Bluffs, where hundreds of precious lives were foolishly thrown away by the unwise commands of a brave and noble, but inexperienced officer. *

This Irish boy was found under the newly fallen snow of that dread October day, when night permitted his broken-hearted brother to seek for him among the slain. What a terrible scene of carnage it was—that open space of wooded height with its heaps of sacrificed victims! The woods around stood tall and dark against the grey sky, shuddering and sighing in the night breeze like mourning watchers of the dead. The Potomac, rolled its crimsoned waters against the rocky base of the bluffs, the dolorous music of its waves a fitting Dies Irae for the slain, whilst over all the horror was the soft, white covering of large flaked snow, which fell in premature winter, that direful evening. Here and there among the swathes of silent heroes, the tender searcher went, calling softly to his brother, then listening with bated breath, and aching heart, for the answer that came not. At last, a feeble voice was heard in

*Col. Baker.

broken gasps, praying: "Holy Mary—Mother of God—pray for us—sinners—now—and at the hour—of our death—Amen! Holy mother—of—my God—help me—to live—until—the priest comes." Brother had found brother at last! It was an easy task for the strong arms and broad shoulders of the elder, to carry the slight

PITTSFIELD'S FIRST MARTYR.

figure of the younger to the boat in waiting, and to row back to camp. The pious prayers of the dying boy were more than answered, for he lingered in pain and fever-smitten suffering for nearly ten weeks before death released him. At the hospital in Frederick City, he received every care, but his terrible wounds and frail constitution were against all human skill and he died, with the priest's arms supporting him and Catholic

prayers mingling with patriotic sentiments, upon his lips.

He was brought home to Pittsfield for burial, which took place Jan. 2nd, '62, Col. Briggs and a company of soldiers from Camp Seward (Fair Grounds) attending. Rev. Father Lynch preached the sermon, an extract from which, we copy from the Eagle of that week. Among the many things he said, full of fire and patriotism, none were so markedly characteristic as these words: "Brethren, as you well know, our pulpit has aimed to keep clear of politics; and, upon the subject which now agitates the public mind,—to which our national troubles are more or less attributable,—it has always been silent; nevertheless, as was the young man before us, so we all have been, and now are, willing to respond to the call of our adopted country, to maintain and enforce her laws; but, let England lay her hand of oppression upon this our happy land, in which we have received the kindest of treatment—this asylum of England's oppressed—*then* our pulpit will no longer be silent. It will speak with a voice that will not be hushed, and all will rally to avenge the wrongs of America and Ireland." Any one knowing Father Lynch, will understand that those uttered sentiments sprang from the depths of a heart as patriotic and loyal as ever beat.

On May 30th, '68,—the day when soldiers' graves were first publicly honored—Gen. Briggs stood once again at the resting place of this young Catholic, and said, whilst placing with his own hands, a wreath of evergreen and bunch of white lilies upon his grave: "This is the resting place of Michael Mullaney, 2nd Mass. Vols.,—and Pittsfield's first martyr; who fell at Balls Bluffs."

This soldier boy was born at Lisrobert County of Mayo, Ireland, on December 24th., 1840, coming to this country when scarcely a year old. He was of an ardent, enthusiastic temperament, and most affectionate nature. His older brother enlisting at Stockbridge, at the first call to arms, the boy's heart was stirred to its depths by the patriotic sentiments of the hour; and, the thought of separation from his "other soul," the brother he loved so well, being more than he could bear, he stole away quietly from home, walked to Stockbrige and enlisted in the same regiment with his idolized "Jim," who was sorrow stricken enough when he heard of the rash act; the lad's health being delicate. The deed was done; and no pleading, and no argument, could induce him to withdraw; the plea that he was under age, and could do so without incurring any shame failing like every other. "Was he a coward to stay at home, when the country needed him? Besides, Jim, they could force father to go, and he is an old man, and you know they will let him off when his two sons are fighting in his place." That plea prevailed; and thus it was, that generous boy became "Pittsfield's first martyr," his sorrowing "Jim" bringing the coffined form of the boy-hero home, to rest in peace, amid the hills he loved so well. All the honors of a military funeral were his—the "music" of a volley of musketry sounding his last requiem—and the tears of his comrades being the most touching eulogium.

"Firm as the firmest, where duty led
He hurried without a falter,
Bold as the boldest, he fought and bled—
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed,
On his country's hallowed altar."

CHAPTER VII.

1862–1864.

Fourth of July, '62. St. Joseph's Mutual Aid Society. Paulist Mission. Buying of the North Street Property. Laying of the Corner Stone of New St. Joseph's.

On July 4th, '62, the Irish Catholics of Pittsfield, gave the first public demonstration of their patriotic love and loyalty, by supplying the only celebration indulged in by Pittsfield's citizens on Independence Day.

War, red-handed, cruel, devastating, was abroad in the land; and the Union, cemented by brotherly love, was now being rent asunder by brotherly hate. Southern skies were blackened by the smoke of battle; the tranquil air troubled by the roar and rumble of artillery; the limpid streams reddened by the blood of warring brethren, and the whole nation saddened by the inhumanity of it all. Just fifty years before, the fathers of these conflicting brothers fought side by side to establish the Union which now the Northerners alone were fighting to preserve!

How England must have rejoiced over the unlovely spectacle which exposed us to the scorn of Nations, as brother rose against brother and father against son, in divided loyalty and severed friendship!

For the first time in Pittsfield's history, since the Declaration of Independence made the infant Nation the cynosure of the world's eyes, that historic anniversary received no public notice—forgotten in this

crucial hour of national woe, or only remembered to make men hang their heads with shame for the present national disgrace. Not a cannon roared forth its defiant salvos; not a bell pealed its jubilant melody from silent belfries; and only a depressed flag or two fluttered from private flag staffs in memory of the Nation's birth.

Not so were the Irish citizens, in their celebration of an event which dealt their ancient Enemy a blow that madehis lionship take his cruel paw from off this land, and flee like a frightened mastiff at the thunder peals of American Independence. At an early hour they gathered at the church on Melville street, heard Mass, formed ranks and marched through the town with bands playing and banners flying; "as fine looking a body of men as one often sees;" * with the green silk and silver trimmed regalia of the Mutual Aid Society, gleaming and glistening over proudly beating hearts—as they marched with martial step and upright bearing to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Wearing of the Green."

This was the first public parade of the veteran society of Catholic Pittsfield, and that it was a grand and inspiring spectacle, can be freely gathered from the local press comments of the day.

Arrived at the park, which by the way, was a more inviting spot than now, with its cool fountain throwing mist sprays in every direction, and a more plentiful growth of magnificent elms, yielding grateful shade the whole day long. Hon James D. Colt addressed them in the name of Pittsfield's citizens; thanking

*Pittsfield Eagle.

them for the demonstration, and expressing the pride and pleasure felt in "Our Irish fellow citizens. Men, whose hearts were wide enough to hold two nations in them without detriment to either; men, whose love for Erin their mother, was only enhanced and made nobler by the loyalty of their affection for Columbia, their adopted country."

Three cheers and a "tiger" were given for the honored gentleman who thus addressed them; and then ranks were formed once more, and they wended their proud way to Curtis' Grove, where they picnicked and speechified through the afternoon; returning again to the park, where a band concert, of National and Irish airs was rendered to the enjoyment of every one. Afterwards, they marched to the Church, where Father Lynch addressed them with a speech full of the patriotic and elevated sentiments he sought always to impart—and there dismissed them with a parting blessing, to their homes.

On this occasion, in addition to the Stars and Stripes which floated above them, they carried for the first time also, a magnificent banner of green, which deserves a full description, taken verbatim from one of the local papers.

"It was of richest green silk without seam, six feet by eight in size, edged with heaviest bullion fringe. On one side, it bears a full length portrait of O'Connell leaning upon the harp of Erin, with a distant view of Derrynane Abbey; on a scroll below is inscribed the national legend "Erin Go Bragh," and above the name of the society. On the other side, is a fine copy of Stuart's equestrian portrait of Washington, with the words, "The Father of his Country."

Both the portraits are extremely well executed. Among the scrolls on either side are plentifully interspersed the triple leaves of the shamrock.

A type that blends
Three God-like friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, forever!
Oh the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!"*

This magnificent and well remembered banner of green, was painted by Mr. Henry Harding of Lee, father of Editor Harding of the Sun.

The St. Joseph's Mutual Aid Society remained in existence until within a few years, when its ranks were so thinned by age and death, that it was disbanded. During its helpful life of twenty years, it disbursed to its members over twelve thousand dollars; the yearly calls for aid being from three hundred to eight hundred. The handsome window at the right of St. Joseph's chancel, was presented by them at a cost of three hundred dollars.

Its first officers were, Rev. C. Lynch, President; James Kearney, Vice-President; John Hayden, Secretary; John Faulkner, Treasurer; Robert Dougherty, Bookkeeper.

After the Fourth of July celebration of 1862, one hundred new members were added.

In August of the same year, the ladies of Pittsfield, made and presented a beautiful banner to an Irish company of soldiers, recruited entirely in Berkshire. The design was the stars and stripes, with an oval of

*Eagle.

green in the centre of the "Union," bearing the harp of Erin in gold. The presentation was made by the Misses Tate and Sweeney. The first Sunday school picnic, was held at Curtis' Grove on September 10th., 1862; the children being called "very handsome," and "a fine specimen of the Irish variety of young America."

In May, 1863, occurred an event which marked a new era in the history of the Catholics of Pittsfield; an event which gave fresh impetus to piety among the faithful, and leveled mountains of prejudice among their Protestant neighbors. It was simply a mission; the first ever held in Berkshire, and, we can add as well, the greatest; because of existing circumstances, and the results which followed.

The Catholics, until now, were supposed in many minds, to be only "Irish;" a class of "good hearted" but "ignorant" people, "entirely under the yoke of Rome—simply because of that ignorance—which Rome wisely kept in densest darkness," lest they discover her iniquity through any mental light permitted them, by Reformation knowledge and her lamp. Of course "none among the Irish were educated but the priests," and they with utmost "cunning" worked upon the "credulous minds of the ignorant people for their own selfish purposes of priestcraft." Any one knowing the Bible or being enlightened by Reformation torches could never remain Catholic for an instant! Now, to such sound reasoners as these, the advent of four Catholic priests who had been each and all Protestant ministers, must have been a thunder clap of astonishment.

Fathers Hecker, Walworth, Deshon and Young, formed a quartette of preachers, whose fervor, eloquence

and sound logic, charmed and won—even the most prejudiced—to a better feeling towards Catholicity, where-so-ever they preached its doctrines and defended its claims. In Pittsfield, fifteen hundred people flocked daily to hear them, packing the old church to its last inch of standing room; even the grounds outside having groups of rapt listeners who stood about the open windows, drinking with eager ears, the inspired eloquence of these fervent converts.

Protestants were there as well as Catholics—for the fame of those Paulist missionaries was as wide as the nation—many coming through curiosity, some few, for better knowledge. Among these last, was the Principal of the High School, a Mr. Sawyer, and a young pupil, named Otto Meyer, both of whom became converts to the Faith. Conversions were rarer in those days than at the present time,—when it is an every day occurrence—and naturally created no end of talk. The usual criticisms and accusations, charging with "fickleness in religious matters," when insanity could not well be laid at their doors—went around with characteristic charity, whilst amazement ruled the hour.

Mr. Sawyer resigned his position in June,—which, of course, was the only wise thing to do—and took a professorship at Seton Hall College, N. J. Otto Mayer joined the Paulist Community, but died before becoming a priest. He is buried in St. Joseph's cemetery, just south of the Coogan plot.

This mission was a powerful aid in establishing the Catholics on a higher plane, than any accorded them heretofore, for it greatly diminished old fashioned prejudice, and broadened the views of many well meaning people, whose contracted opinions were en-

tirely the result of a narrow training and inherited ideas. At the close, was announced for the first time publicly, the purchase of the North street property, and the speedy commencement of a new and far grander church.

This step had been long impending; so, the announcement was no surprise to the people, who heard it with feelings of native pride and joy, thenceforth becoming the topic of interest most dear to their faithful hearts.

This magnificent property was purchased in March, 1863, for ten thousand dollars; the money in full, being paid by Father Purcell, who would not leave any part of it on mortgage, supplying from his own resources, a good half of it, that a clear title might be had and all legal quibbles prevented.

Ground was not broken for the new building, however, until July, 1864; it being deemed advisable to wait until sufficient money might be raised, and all things done in a manner sure to invite success.

When we consider the vast undertaking which these poor and hard working people set themselves to accomplish, wonder and amazement must fill our minds, at the simplicity and generosity of their great hearts—ever ready to make heroic sacrifices that God's honor and the "old faith" be promoted.

The parish was out of debt, with a yearly income of three thousand dollars; a fair was held, which added three thousand dollars more; a general collection was taken up throughout Berkshire, and some generous and liberal minded Protestant gentlemen, donated privately some hundreds of dollars—all which combined to swell the building fund to such encouraging pro-

portions that the work of excavating was commenced in less than a year from the time of purchase.

When it became noised abroad that the Catholics had secured a part of the old Cantonment grounds, there was a terrible uproar among the bigots; who used every influence to prevent, if possible, the building of a Catholic church on the main street of the town. It was all to no avail, however, the bribe of a much larger sum even, failing in its purpose; though the deeds were not made out for some months later. There was a distinctly bitter regret attached to this special location, as the Methodists had thought of buying it some time before for a building site and had relinquished the project on account of the distance from the town centre.

To Mr. Charles Russell, Jr., is due the final success, which secured to the Catholics this magnificent property; his kindly influence defeating the opposition brought to bear against them, by some citizens of the town. Mr. Russell's name is held in grateful remembrance by the Catholics of Pittsfield; for never, in their history, has a more generous friend been raised up, to help them in their difficulties.

During the war of 1812, St. Joseph's grounds were used for parade purposes by the soldiers of the Cantonment or Military Barracks, which were located on the present site of Maplewood Hotel; but which in '64, stood as tenement houses, on the recently purchased church property of the Catholics.

During the year of '63, Father Lynch was removed to North Adams, to the great regret of St. Joseph's people; and, in December following, he was succeeded by Rev. Michael T. Maguire, long remembered as a

most eloquent preacher and austere priest, whose quiet energy and business capacity, were such powerful aids to Father Purcell, during the building of the new church.

The day "ground was broken" is a memorable one; the men of the congregation giving a day's labor for the purpose of digging the cellar, gathering at the spot with as much joy as if a day of feasting was before them, instead of long hours of hard work, with the hot July sun rays beating down upon them. We know of one ambitious workman who rose at dawn, breakfasted quickly, and, shouldering his pick and shovel, was first on the ground; where, doffing his hat and uttering a fervent prayer, he "blessed" himself and struck the *first blow* in the sacred soil—a privilege he would have remained up all night to gain.

The cellar, which is small, extending only under the main sanctuary and chapels, was excavated in one day by these energetic workmen, the stone work commencing immediately.

On August 28th, '64, the corner stone of St. Joseph's was laid with all the ceremonies usual upon such occasions, then a novel occurrence in Berkshire; it being the first time in its history that such an event took place. The streets were crowded at an early hour, special trains from every direction bringing thousands of sight-seers to swell the local throng—which was added to by vehicles of every description, loaded with most picturesque freight. Groups of curious people found ample interest in the cross-shaped cellar, which, to their uninitiated eyes and misinformed understanding, was thought to be a "crypt," or equally holy place of some kind.

Mass was said in the morning, and a sermon preached at the Old Church; the corner stone not being laid until the afternoon—a verbatim report of which we append: "A little later than half past three, the lively notes of the Pittsfield Cornet Band were heard from the direction of the Old Church; and soon the long procession entered the grounds in the following order:

First came the children of St. Joseph's, bearing a beautiful banner of green silk inscribed with the words, 'St. Joseph's Sunday School Pittsfield,' in letters of gold. As the almost interminable procession of little ones passed, it was evident that 'Mother Church' will not perish from any squeamish fears of Catholic mothers to bear children, and we were reminded of the fact, that, year after year, the majority of children born in this Commonwealth, are of foreign parentage.

After the children, came the priests and accolytes in their official robes, the former wearing the Clerical Cap. Then followed, in full ranks, the St. Joseph's Mutual Aid Society, in their handsome regalia.

The ceremony of laying the Corner stone, was performed by Very Rev. J. J. Williams, Vicar General of the Diocese of Boston (in which the whole state is included) assisted by several priests.

In a tin box fixed in the cavity of the stone, were placed gold, silver and copper coins, copies of the Boston Pilot, New York Tablet, Metropolitan Record, and Herald, Berkshire County Eagle, Pittsfield Sun, and a record in latin which translated means as follows:

On this 28th day of August, in the year 1864, this corner (principal or first) stone of a church to be erected in the town of Pittsfield, in honor of Almighty

God and under the patronage of St. Joseph, Rev. E. H. Purcell, pastor, was laid by Very Rev. John Joseph Williams, Vicar General, aided by many priests and a great concourse of people, the Most Holy Father Pius IX reigning; Right Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, Bishop of this Diocese of Boston; Abraham Lincoln President of these United States; (more literally provinces) John A. Andrews, Governor of Massachusetts. P. C. Keily, architect, P. Trainer, mason."*

The sermon was preached by Rev. Clarence Walworth, (son of Chancellor Walworth of New York) one of the Fathers who gave the Paulist Mission the year before.

On October 30th., of the same year, Confirmation was administered for the second time in Berkshire to a class of four hundred, Bishop McFarland of Hartford officiating, owing to the illness of Bishop Fitzpatrick. The sermon was on the "Unity of Religion;" a masterful discourse which added much to the solemnity of the ceremonies which were beautiful and strange to the people of Pittsfield at that time. The Eagle saying, "That one was constantly reminded of the simple Acadians of Longfellow's Evangeline, so devout and pure were the faces of the veil wreathed, snowy robed children, as they knelt in long line to receive the Sacrament."

*Eagle, September 1st., 1864.

CHAPTER VIII.

1866.

St. Joseph's Dedicated. Its Beauty and Influence. Dignitaries Present. Descriptive Sketch. First Sacred Concert. Prof. James I. Lalor. Madame Albani. Programme of the Concert. St. Joseph's Choir. Sketch of Prof. Lalor. Division of the Parish. Church of St. Jean Baptiste. "Catholic Progress." Influence of Catholic Music.

THE YEAR of '66, may well be called the Golden year of the Catholics, for it marked the opening of a newer life for them, religiously and socially. St. Joseph's, which had been in process of erection for two years, now stood completed in its stately beauty on North street; the grandest church in the whole of Berkshire and one of the finest in the state.

What a wonder it was to see the poor Catholics, despised and scorned; struggling and needy; yet, of their very want, lifting up, in honor of the Most High, this magnificent tribute of their love and devotion: given with the pride, generosity and tender poetry of feeling, ever characteristic of the Irish race!

There stands the proof of a love, as strong and lasting as its solid masonry, of a faith, as aspiring as its lofty steeple tip; of generosity as broad and ample as its great interior!

It was the best piece of architecture Berkshire could boast of, and even Protestants were proud of it as such. It was a public building, a town ornament to them; and they gloried in its beauty as well as the most devout Catholic.

The Press had watched its growth and commented upon it with real pleasure ; for the art instincts of the people were keen, and the younger element was break-

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

ing loose from the rigid lines and principles, that made even church architecture, unlovely in its aspect. The building of St. Joseph's turned the scales in favor of

more artistic public buildings in Pittsfield and elsewhere; for, until its Gothic beauty rose majestically against the November skies, not a public building worthy of admiration stood in the length or breadth of Berkshire—now so rich in architecture of the better type.

In passing, is it not strange that the church which is so frequently accused of "keeping her children in ignorance," ever preaches to them—as soon as she can break the chains of poverty,—from steeple tip to foundation stone; from chancel window to the porch; from the apex of her arched naves to the base of her mural decoration; of all things beautiful, uplifting and culture imparting; in the grandeur of her architecture, the grace and symmetry of her sculpture, the unrivaled beauty of her exquisite paintings? Is it not the Church which has blessed the world with music, the divinest art of all?

Just as Catholics made Europe, rich in architecture, music, sculpture and painting, so, by the exodus of Erin's starving children, has America been covered with magnificent churches; enriched with art treasures; and treated to the divinest harmonies of music inspired souls; by the building of Catholic temples, and the preaching of Catholic principles! Some little of all this was understood, that 11th of November, '66, when new St. Joseph's opened its doors for the first time to the public, and gave them a taste, as it were, of the grandeur of this "old faith," which had grown up among them, like a lily amid thorns.

To add greater dignity to the grand ceremonial, five bishops graced the occasion with their presence; a signal honor surely,—for bishops were many less than

now, when the presence of so many dignitaries at such a ceremony, is a rare honor.

The music was furnished by the celebrated Quartette Choir of the Immaculate Conception Church, Boston, under the direction of Prof. James I. Lalor—St. Joseph's new organist—giving the assembled thousands a musical treat such as Berkshire never before enjoyed; inaugurating that reign of music, which soon made St. Joseph's choir the synonym for all things most excellent in musical culture. *

Bishop Williams, of Boston, pontificated; Bishop McFarland of Hartford preached the morning discourse; Rev. Sherwood Healy of Troy Seminary giving the evening sermon. It was a eulogy of St. Joseph, foster-father of our Lord, under whose patronage the church was dedicated, and not under that of Joseph of Arimathea, as the local Press erroneously stated. In the sanctuary were Bishop Goesbriand of Vermont, Bishop Lynch of Georgia, and Bishop Conroy of Albany.

St. Joseph's is built of blue granular limestone, the main building being one hundred and sixty feet long and seventy feet broad; with a seating capacity of thirteen hundred and eighty. The chapels will seat five hundred more. These chapels accommodated the Sunday School for many years, the children occupying them during Mass, also; the one at the south, was devoted to the girls, and that at the north, the boys occupied. No children were permitted in the main building except at Vespers, the doors leading off the sanctuary being opened during Mass, for their special

*The superbly toned organ is one of the celebrated "Hook's," costing $6000.

benefit. The altar, a most artistic bit of work, has always been much admired ; the base being more than ordinarily rich in sculpture, which was designed and

Interior St. Joseph's Church.

wrought by a promising young artist of New York, named John Moffat. This altar base, is of Caen stone, and supports an Italian marble slab sixteen feet long.

It is divided into five panels, by trefoil pillars, with capitals of wheat and grapes, symbolizing bread and wine; myrtle, symbolizing immortality, and the passion flower—mystical blossom, prefiguring Calvary in its purple heart—intertwine their stone foliage about the ornate beauty of capital and frieze beneath the lace altar draperies. The middle panel represents the entombment, and in the others stand carven archangels holding the crown of thorns, the scourge and other implements of the Passion. The graceful canopy above the tabernacle is an artistic bit of pinacled ornamentation, terminating its airy height by a golden cross. This main altar of St. Joseph's can be transformed into a perfect dream of beauty by myriad lights and tasteful flower arrangements, that only serve to bring out, when studiously placed, the chaste and graceful loveliness of tinting and outline. Cherubim, in white plaster, keep perpetual watch and ward on either side the tabernacle. The cost of this altar was $1700.

The altars to the right and left of the main sanctuary are dedicated to St. Joseph, patron of the church, and to Mary Immaculate.

The handsome stained glass windows above the altar, represent Our Lord, His Mother and Foster-Father, and were donated respectively by Mr. Owen Coogan, the Altar and Rosary Society, and the St. Joseph's Mutual Aid, costing in the aggregate, about one thousand dollars.

The steeple of St. Joseph's pierces the air at the height of one hundred and seventy-six feet, a distance causing the golden nine foot cross at its apex to seem little more than a span high. Although the church was dedicated on November 11th., regular services

were not held in it until Christmas, when the new curate Father Lamarque, afterwards first pastor of the French, preached his initial sermon; Rev. M. T. Maguire being transferred in the meantime to another mission.

During this year of 1866 another fair was held which netted four thousand dollars;—a sum devoted to lessening the church debt,—and on August 25th., 1867, a a concert was held in the church, which was packed to its utmost seating capacity, to listen for the first time to sacred music rendered as only Catholic artists can render it, for their faith inspires them with an expression devotion alone can impart. This concert netted about seven hundred dollars more.

On that occasion was heard the marvelous soprano that since has charmed the world and won for its possessor immortal fame and millions of money—that of Madame Albani. Mdlle. Emma Lajeunesse was organist and principal soprano of St. Joseph's Church, Albany. Her fame was merely local. Prof. Lalor hearing her sing while visiting the city, engaged her for the concert to be given at St. Joseph's, recognizing and appreciating the marvelous quality of her voice. Her name upon the bills excited no great interest. Madame O'Neil of Boston, who was advertised to sing, being the musical star which attracted the fourteen hundred music lovers, which thronged into St. Joseph's that warm August evening. Disappointment the keenest was in store for them, as their favorite, at the last moment was unable to fill her engagement, and the vast audience felt that without America's "Catherine Hayes," as Madame O'Neil was called, to thrill them with her expressive voice, the

concert would be indeed of only secondary importance. Mdlle. Lajeunesse they knew nothing about, and were prepared for nothing but the ordinary cultured vocalism of leading church singers; and so they whispered their disappointment amid waving fans, and settled themselves to an evening of music that was like the sky without its queen planet, to their chagrined expectations.

Whilst the prelude to Rossini's Ave Maria was being breathed forth from the great organ-heart, sighing its wailing melody among the vast arches, silencing by its prayerfulness the most discontented of the listeners, a voice rang out, that electrified them, piercing their very souls with its harmony,—its silver strength and clearness. A voice that caused every head to turn in glad amazement to see her, who was greater far than she they were deprived of. The liquid notes rose and fell in waves of melody, now soaring aloft in lark-like sweetness, now low sighing as an æolian's plaintive tones, until the great crowd was mesmerized with the magic of that gift of song, and Madame O'Neil was forgotten as though she had never been!

That evening the future Madame Albani was caught on the wave which carries the "affairs of men" on to victory. Prof. Lalor, with that unerring judgment of vocal powers for which he was noted, advised Miss Lajeunesse to give her voice still more thorough culture, assuring her that she possessed a gift which would become world-known for its excellence, if she would but devote her best efforts to its perfection. Though dubious and unbelieving then, she afterwards put in practice the advice given, and in a few years was earning one thousand dollars an evening, instead of the

twenty-five dollars, which was the price paid her for St. Joseph's concert. The programme of this famous concert we copy as something of historical import:

SACRED CONCERT

AT

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH,

PITTSFIELD,

SUNDAY EVE., AUG. 25th, '67.

The following distinguished artists have been engaged expressly for the occasion.

M'LLE. LAJEUNESSE,

The Celebrated Soprano of St. Joseph's Church, Albany, N. Y.

MADAME O'NEIL,

The Catherine Hayes of the present age.

PROFESSOR O'NEIL,

New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

MR. WILLIAM OSBORNE,

The well known tenor of Pittsfield.

The very effective quartette choir of St. Joseph's Church will also assist with a chorus of forty voices.

Programme. Mozarts 12th Mass, with selections from the Messiah, Creation, Stabat Mater, etc.

Organists, PROF. O'NEIL and PROF. JAMES I. LALOR.

It will be seen from the high class music rendered upon this occasion that St. Joseph's new organist was a man of culture and high ambitions, aiming at the best in composition and fully determined to achieve the best results in expression. His efforts met with warmest appreciation in every direction, and soon the fame of Prof. James I. Lalor had spread far beyond Berkshire limits and gained for him many laurels in the musical world of Massachusetts.

St. Joseph's choir was considered one of the very best in the state, sharing in the glory of its accomplished

teacher, whose influence and culture brought many noted vocalists to St. Joseph's. To be permitted to sing during sacred services was an honor sought and prized by all vocalists, as such distinction established a reputation none would question as to merit.

The town fathers, fully alive to the cultivating and refining influence of music, appointed Prof. Lalor to teach music at the High School in May, '68, that being the first time a Catholic was employed in any official capacity by the public officers. Soon after he was engaged as professor of music at Maplewood, then a celebrated academy for young ladies, which position he continued to hold as long as the institution lasted. Afterwards he became professor of vocal culture at Smith College of Music at Northampton, performing the same duties at Boston's Conservatory.

Thus we see the young Irish Catholic who came to Pittsfield in the summer of 1866, fresh from the Green Isle, he was always proud to call his own, dear native land, a leader of the musical circles his enthusiasm and genuis had created in Berkshire—for before his advent there had been no music worthy of the name, in the whole county—and to him above all others is due the honor of introducing and making permanent the musical culture which now exists among the Berkshire Hills.

Attracted to Pittsfield by the building of St. Joseph's church whose grand organ would need a master touch to make all its beauties manifest, he came a stranger and a foreigner in 1866 to remain for twenty years, honored and cherished by all, not alone for his musical ability which made him known as "The Great Organist," but, for his genial good nature as well, which made him

as courteous and kind to the plainest old man or woman as to the richest in the land. All the world understands the difficulties and jealousy that ever exist in choirs, and perhaps no greater proof can be given of his kindliness and genial qualities, not to say marvelous tact, than is shown in the fact that for the ten years or more, during which the writer was a member of St. Joseph's choir, there was not the least dissension among its members, or between them and the organist. All members of choirs will understand that such a condition of things is most rare. That it was entirely due to his extraordinary qualities as teacher is beyond doubt. He was ever interested in developing the talent of his singers—always a courteous gentleman, and a kind and considerate trainer.

Whilst here he was a power in propagating the musical culture that was possessed by himself in an extraordinary degree, and in infusing the same love for the divine art that absorbed his own soul. When he went away he left a void that none other has ever been great enough to fill.

St. Joseph's we have claimed to be the inspirer of architecture and fine art in Berkshire. As the inspiration and propagator of musical culture we can still more boldly claim; for, though in her wake have followed even better architectural results and far more beautiful interior decorations, there has been nowhere within the boundary of the hills such music as has been hers, for no one has yet risen to even rival the great skill of Prof. Lalor.

Since the founding of St. Peter's parish at Great Barrington, in '64, there had been no division of Pittsfield's mission; but now, in '67, it was found necessary,

on account of the numerous French who had settled in the town, to form them into a congregation of their own; therefore, as the old church was idle and a French priest was curate at St. Joseph's, and circumstances were all favorable for this movement, the one hundred families of French-speaking Catholics were formed into a separate parish and Rev. N. Lamarque was appointed pastor. We will give a separate chapter to the history of this flourishing congregation later on.

The Catholics of North Adams, were not far behind St. Joseph's, in building a grand temple in honor of the Lord, for on October 29th, 1867, the corner stone of St. Francis' Church was laid amid the great rejoicing of the people and to the proud joy of its energetic pastor. Down the County too, Catholicity was putting forth new shoots. At Mill River, a mission of Great Barrington parish, a Church was dedicated in August, 1866. At Stockbridge in 1860, St. Joseph's Church was built on Elm street, by Rev. Peter Eagen of Lee, who was then its pastor, and in 1867–8, his successor, Rev. George H. Brennan, was contemplating the building of still another church at West Stockbridge, which he accomplished in 1869. Thus at the beginning of another decade of years, Catholic progress was felt in every village of Berkshire that numbered among its population even a handful of Erin's sons and daughters!

So potent had Catholic influence become in '78 that the following appeared in one of the local papers. Speaking of the progress of the Catholics, it says: "Their churches are educators, teachers and preachers; educators in the truest sense; educators, whose lessons of taste, neatness and self-respect are carried unfailingly into every household and heart. * * * *

The only societies among young men for mutual intellectual improvement by debates and otherwise are exclusively Irish Catholic, and of those there are more than one in a flourishing condition.

For years the most efficient, steady going and common sense temperance organization in town has been the C. T. A. Society."

The above was written ten years after Catholic progress had taken new and active life under the inspiration of architecture and music, showing that the Catholics were far ahead in all movements that aimed at culture and morality.

By this time Catholic music had caught all hearts in the meshes of its divine harmonies. So attractive did it prove that the other Churches deemed it a matter of protection to introduce it into their own services in order to lure back their music loving congregations from the dangerous precincts of St. Joseph's music haunted aisles; therefore, Catholic music is no longer a matter of abhorrence to good Protestants; a thing "sensuous," "soul destroying," etc., for in every Protestant edifice in town (except the Adventists) Kyries, Glorias—and even Ave Marias—have been admitted freely, the last barricade being taken when the Methodists permitted the Stabat Mater to sing its brilliant beauty into their hearts!

Surely indeed,

> "Music can noble hints impart,
> And manage all the man with Secret Art."

CHAPTER IX.

CHURCH SOCIETIES.

THE ROSARY. THE SODALITY. REV. FATHER PATTERSON. THE P. Y. M. C. A. REV. JAMES T. SHEEHAN. F. M. T. A. REV. THOMAS SMYTHE. CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE. A GREAT MISSION. INFLUENCE OF THE T. A. SOCIETY. SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY. ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

NLY TWO church organizations were in existence in '67,—the Rosary and the Mutual Aid societies; both being organized during the first years of Father Purcell's pastorate. The first named continues to grow and thrive with perennial vigor, as all things must do that are fed and nourished by the wonderful graces flowing from the Rosary,—most beautiful of devotions!

Rev. Richard J. Patterson was now curate at St. Joseph's; and, his piety and zeal impelling him to found a society for young women,—as none existed—he organized, shortly after his coming, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, which still continues its beneficent influence among us. No one under fifteen years of age could be admitted; and the rules strictly forbade dangerous books and amusements, and, most of all, dangerous company. Trashy novels, (thousands less in those days than now), balls, and most particularly round dancing, were so inveighed against, that, in a few months, any one indulging in these tabooed pastimes, was considered a very daring person. If a Sodalist was a transgressor, she was instantly punished by expulsion, unless the habit was given up.

Rev. R. J. Patterson.

It may be thought, perhaps, that such strict discipline, would frighten off the young and pleasure loving girls of St. Joseph's; but on the contrary, piety was made such an attractive thing, by Father Patterson's gentle but firm direction, that four hundred young women enrolled themselves under the banner of Mary Immaculate, at the first reception in 1868. To be a Sodalist, was a mark of distinction greatly coveted by the young girls of St. Joseph's; who joined the society, in large numbers, as soon as the stipulated years were reached.

The instructions listened to weekly, the sacraments received monthly, strenghtened them in their faith and good resolutions; whilst a well selected library of books, lent its powerful aid to the formation of habits of piety and decorum, which became life-long and productive of untold good. The regalia consists of a white dress and veil with blue ribbon sash; the silver medal of the association, being suspended from the neck, by a narrower ribbon of blue. A rosette of red, white and blue, was worn upon the shoulder until recent years; a token that they were American girls, as well as children of Mary.

A beautiful banner of white silk,—with the lovely image of Mary Immaculate, painted on one side, and the "Seal" of the Church on the other,—was carried aloft in public processions by the white robed daughters of Mary; who were not ashamed, nor afraid, in those young days, to sing her hymns in the streets of the town; indifferent, alike, to the sneers of unbelievers and the ridicule of lukewarm Catholics.

This banner, (costing over three hundred dollars), could be seen near Mary's altar in St. Joseph's, until

its years of active service were plainly traced upon its tattered folds and tarnished silver, when it was removed and never replaced.

A relic of this historic banner hung, until recently, in the chapel where the Sodality still holds its weekly meetings; the fragment preserved being that whereon is painted the white robed form of Our Lady; her golden hair falling in maiden freedom, over her sky-blue mantle, the mantle common to the women of Israel.

In 1867, a large class of children received Holy Communion for the "first time," and, in the autumn of that year, an augmented number received Confirmation; Archbishop Williams of Boston officiating. This was the first time, these particular sacraments were administered in the new church.

Contemporary with Father Patterson, at St. Joseph's was Rev. John Cummings; a man of gruff manners but kind heart, who rather enjoyed rubbing the older people with the rough outside burriness of his nature, reserving for the children, the truly soft and kindly fibre of his inner heart. Towards the little girls, whom he had in charge for instruction, Father Cummings was kind and considerate; leaving, in at least one heart, a most grateful memory of kindly acts and words.

In 1869, Father Patterson was made pastor at Clinton; and Rev. James O'Brien was appointed in his place as curate, and also as director of the Sodality, which had mourned the departure of its founder, with an almost inconsolable grief. Father O'Brien quickly won all hearts; as a young, pious and singularly handsome priest, cannot fail to do.

He remained here about a year, being appointed pastor of a parish near Boston, (Cambridge), in 1870. Rev. Father Henneberry succeeded him at St. Joseph's in July of that year.

During this year of '70, Springfield was made the Episcopal seat of the new diocese formed out of Boston's extensive prelacy, with Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly as diocesan.

Another event, of more purely local interest, a little later on, was the building of the parochial residence on North street. Since the days of Father Cuddihy, the house on the corner of North Pearl and Melville streets—the O'Connell residence—had served this purpose; but, its location proving inconvenient, a new parochial house became a necessity.

It was but right that it should be in keeping with St. Joseph's architectural beauty, therefore, the present fine residence was built at a cost of $17,000. There were some who advocated a wooden building, which would, indeed, have been inharmonious with the stone structure of the church—and a poor investment as well—but, wiser heads prevailing, the present suitable and substantial house was built, during the year of '72, to every one's satisfaction.

The ground was broken and the cellar dug by the men of the congregation, as at the building of the church; this labor being equivalent to a day's pay, which was their first contribution to the "house fund."

Some time before Father Purcell wanted to buy additional land, it was thought to open a street at this very spot; and, now that the Catholics wanted it, a road, at this juncture, seemed more than ever desirable. Providence again ruled in favor of the Catholics; for,

despite the influence brought to bear against them, it was finally decided that Maplewood avenue was a better location, as a money making project, and, the Catholics secured the land; whereon they built, as quickly as possible, the new house; obviating, by this action, all future obstacles of a like nature.

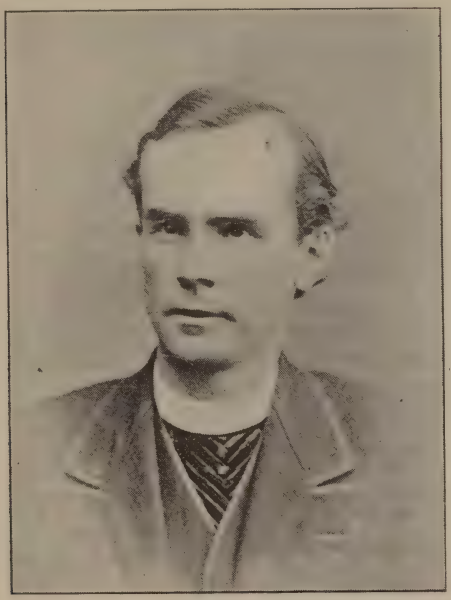
This site, an added two rods of the Maplewood property, was bought by Father Purcell in February, 1872, in order that the parochial residence might have ample room without infringing in the least, upon the excellent harmony of space existing in St. Joseph's roomy enclosure.

Rev. Father Henneberry was made pastor at Greenfield, during the year of 1871, Rev. P. J. Sheehan being appointed in his place. The parish at Hinsdale being without a pastor in 1872, Father Sheehan was chosen for the place, having spent about a year and a half at Pittsfield. His successor was Rev. James T. Sheehan; to whose energy, zeal and influence, is due the impulse which developed the literary and dramatic talents of the young people of St. Joseph's.

Perceiving, with his keen eye, the latent talent of the young people about him, and, comprehending well the necessity of mutual and refining intercourse as a developing influence, he organized a society for young men, whose aim was the culture of brain, brawn and heart. As fit instruments for the moulding of their lives unto nobler form, literature, in the shape of good reading rooms, and frequent debates, was adopted for mental improvement; a first class gymnasium, contributing all thing essential for physical development. The moral part was fulfilled by the regular frequenta-

tion of the Sacraments, to which the rules obliged.*

Father Sheehan soon became the "well beloved" of the "young men's" hearts; and never existed a priest more deserving of their esteem. He went among them as "one of themselves," taking part in the gymnastic



Rev. James T. Sheehan.

exercises and debates, with a good fellowship and simplicity of heart, that won their entire confidence. This was what he aimed at and at once achieved; without forgetting, or letting them forget for an instant, his sacred character.

*This Society remained alive only during the years of Father Sheehan's stay in Pittsfield.

Physically, he was small and slight; mentally, he was large and powerful, with a will as inflexible as iron. His aim was to lift up and direct unto noble ends, the young manhood about him. To his influence is entirely attributable the display of talent, which soon drew upon the young Irish Catholics the public eye and newspaper praises recorded in a preceding chapter; and which caused the Eagle to also state that, "From the very first opening of the Athenæum, one of the most noticable things about it has been, that the largest number of most instructive and serviceable books have been drawn by takers of foreign birth or parentage; the Americans craving more exciting reading." The word "foreign," is to be understood as Irish; for the above is only an extract from the article, quoted elsewhere, on "Catholic Progress."

This craving for "instructive and serviceable reading," was but the inherent love of knowledge latent in Irish nature, and which Father Sheehan's literary influence, brought speedily into the light of men's observation, through the medium of the P. Y. M. C. A.; which is to be understood as the Pittsfield Young Men's Catholic Association,—the name of his organization.*

Not content with the culture imparting influences of reading rooms and debates, he started his "boys" in the dramatic line—knowing well what a developer of dignity, self-control and self-respect, dramatic study and expression is, when the models placed before the students are wholesome and uplifting, and the lessons

*Some years previously another Irish Catholic Literary Society was in existence. It was called the Young Men's Lyceum. Daniel W. Devanny, James McKenna and William Nugent being among its most active members.

taught being,—that vice brings its own punishment, and virtue its own reward. That he succeeded is well known; for the plays presented by the P. Y. M. C. A. elicited the wonder and admiration of every one, because of the extraordinary dramatic abilities displayed by the young Irish-Americans.

Thus, too, the Catholics are to be credited with starting *this* branch of culture, upon which has budded and blossomed so many flowers of local histrionic talent.

Father James T. Sheehan, was made pastor of the new Sacred Heart parish at Holyoke, in April, '78, where he died, a year later, from consumption, contracted by a cold caught a few years before, when playing ball with his young men. Whilst heated from running, he threw himself upon the damp earth, a severe cold resulting, which he never recovered from.

He was known only to his "boys" and most intimate friends, as a man of warmest affections and utmost generosity. To the rest of the world, he was distant, uncongenial and somewhat repellant in manner, desiring no fickle popularity nor empty applause; rightly estimating it to be what it is—

> "Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
> And fickle as a changeful dream."

He scorned popularity; therefore, he was unpopular with the crowd; but, by them who knew him, he was appreciated and loved as a single hearted and devoted priest; who spent the few years of his consecrated life, an untiring laborer in this portion of the Lord's vineyard assigned to his care.

He also made efforts to establish a Temperance Society; but, his Literary Society required so much

attention, that this greater work fell to the lot of Rev. Thomas N. Smythe;—now pastor of Sacred Heart Parish, Springfield—who was appointed as second assistant at St Joseph's, in 1873, and founded the F. M. T. A. in 1874.

Irish nature, is more easily conquered by intemperance than any other, because of its poetical, impulsive temperament, and social, fun loving proclivities.

The Irish do not drink, like some nationalities, because they *like the taste* of drink, but because of its genial effects. A lovable, tender-hearted race—averse to sorrow and suffering—with romantic and chivalrous sentiments and proud and hot blooded to an extreme—they are more easily influenced by intoxicants than any other people. Thus, when grief is his portion, or tribulation in any form oppresses him, an Irishman takes refuge in the cup that cheers and—inebriates—even if its illusive power is short,—for to forget, even for a day or an hour, the sorrow that crushes the heart, is a boon to mercurial Irish nature.

The generous, hospitable and warm hearted instincts of the Irish, had caused the social glass to become such an abused habit that intemperance swept over the Green Isle like an engulfing sea, until Father Mathew's Apostolic feet trod upon the surging billows, and the God-given powers of his chosen soul, swayed them back into normal peace. The social habits of the Irish clung to them in America, the cheapness of the liquor being a temptation, which lured many on to destruction. Just think of whiskey *at nineteen cents a gallon* when a quart would jollificate ten Irishmen, in as many minutes, and another, would render them noisy and pugnacious at the least provocation—for an Irishman

must fight, to ease the war instincts, which hundreds of years of rebellion, have fostered in his nature.

Pittsfield's little "shebeens" were neither few nor far between, in the days when war stalked abroad in the land and Fenianism was gathering its forces for the freedom of Ireland! It was in these gathering places, whilst under patriotic fervor, that plans were discussed and hopes expressed and enthusiasms indulged for Irish freedom, which fructified in the Dead sea fruit of the Canadian expedition of '67.

The "taking of Canada" was the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—to their sanguine hopes and excited imaginations; and here in Pittsfield, was found as noble hearted and devoted a following for this "Ignis Fatuous," as the world could boast.

During the years of rampant Fenianism, thousands of dollars were contributed by the Irish of Pittsfield and Berkshire. Hard earned dollars, that were sadly needed in their own families, and which, instead of benefitting Ireland, went to enrich the demagogues, who had trafficked on the warm-hearted patriotism of their deluded followers!

Lectures were given by P. A. Collins of Boston, John Mitchel and others, which netted some hundreds of dollars; and one hundred and fifty stands of arms, were sent from Pittsfield alone! As motley a collection of weapons as ever enthusiasts considered of value.

We remember one attic arsenal where were stored old flint locks, and kicking guns, galore; swords with mammoth hilts of brass, (relics of the Revolution, probably), and saddles as ancient—for cavalry that existed not, save in the sanguine dreams of the poetical patriot, whose collection they were. Bullets, of many sizes,

were made to fit the various barrels of his stock of guns; wooden bullet moulds, of his own manufacture, turning them out by the hundreds daily. This patriotic labor was enlivened by snatches of song, telling of Irish wrongs and English oppression, interspersed with stories of like coloring, or short recitations from epic poems, whilst the bullets were cooling in the water buckets, whence his child helper removed them at his bidding.

A genuine Irish pike, was hammered out on his own anvil and affixed to a long staff painted green; on which was to hang the banner made and painted by himself. The harp enwreathed by shamrocks, and the symbolic "sunburst,"—flinging its golden spears in wrathful glory, behind the dark outlines of an ancient "round-tower," embellished its ample folds; and, on graceful scrolls was 'blazoned the old war cry of Connaught, "Faugh a ballagh," and the heart cry of the artist's hopes, "Erin, we will free you yet."

Ah, those were the days when the Poet-Priest sung:

"Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore,
That Never! No! Never! while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife.
That Never! No! Never! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,—
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field."

And then after all the high hopes indulged, money spent and energies wasted, our local patriots came home from that wild Canadian expedition in 1867, sadder and wiser men! It was this lost cause, largely, which made intemperance thrive and wax horridly powerful

in our midst, because of the frequent "gatherings," and "funeral feastings," over its dead hopes.

In 1874, this evil was waged war against by the F. M. T. A.;—established early in the year by Rev. Thomas Smythe; who preached against the rampant vice, with such effect, that the cause of Temperance

Rev. Thomas Smythe.

found many followers, and plentiful fruit was the result of his harvesting.

In May 1874, was given the first mission held in the new church; which did much to boom the noble cause of Temperance, and add still greater numbers to the ranks of the local organization. A special temperance

service was held, which was the most unique that Berkshire ever witnessed.

In the olden days, when the Catholic Faith was the religion of all Christians, many customs, now obsolete, were permitted for the greater instruction of the people in matters of doctrine and morals. One of these, was revived by the Oblate Fathers, who preached this mission.

The early Christians could ask, in public, for the explanation of any dubious question, and the clergy would answer all forth-coming argument that the subject might evolve, until every objection was answered to the understanding of every listener. This was the method adopted, with a few modifications, by the Mission Fathers in 1874; that the question of temperance, might be discussed pro and con. A rostrum or platform, was erected in the centre aisle of the church; and from this position, Father Riordan, as the people's advocate, brought forth every argument in favor of the drink habit, that is popularly thought to be a reasonable excuse for the indulgence, Father Barber, in his turn, demolishing each of these sophisms; proving conclusively, that temperance was the best thing for the bodies, souls, and hearts, of mankind.

This method of preaching, took the people by storm; and one hundred new recruits for the society, was the immediate result; whilst many there were, who took the pledge privately; and many a home and heart was made happy, thereby, with a joy and peace that only sobriety can bring.

Not satisfied with having men, as sole associates, Father Smith, with wise forethought, sought to mould the young into habits of temperance also, by establish-

ing a cadet branch, which would prove attractive and interesting to boy nature in many ways, whilst hedging their young souls about with the strong walls of Total Abstinence. From this reservoir of youthful associates, would flow a steady stream of recruits for the older branch; as age, death and, mayhap,—the falling back into old ways of evil—made gaps in the society's ranks.

How well these efforts prospered, may be seen in the fact that, in a short time, over three hundred members were enrolled under the white banner of Total Abstinence.

On March 29th, '74, they went to communion "in a body," for the first time; the sight of one hundred men, banded together for such a holy purpose, being an inspiration to the entire congregation.

Father Smythe addressed them in words of praise and commendation, exhorting them to perseverance and the avoidance of dangerous occasions; words which sank deep into many a heart, to take life-long roots, and keep forever green the holy cause of Temperance.

What a God send that society was to many homes, where its blessed influence was felt for the first time! for many there were, whose hearthstones were desolate, indeed, because of the ravages of drink. How many a young life on the edge of ruin, was saved; and how many a noble soul, prone in the mire, was lifted to higher things by the strong white hand of Temperance, only they, who have had the curse of drunkenness blast their homes and hearts, can fully understand and appreciate!

In June, 1874, Father Smythe was appointed pastor at Westfield; his removal being a great loss to the

society, then in its infancy; but, fortunately, in its ranks were men, whose hearts were wedded to the cause of Father Mathew; and, to their tact and devotion is due the credit, for piloting the local organization over the rocks and shoals, which never fail to become manifest, whenever an attempt is made to over-ride vice by moral force.

Drunkenness being the devil's favorite sin,—since the whole Decalogue becomes its prey—it now became his main object to re-establish its strong hold in Pittsfield. That he succeeded, gradually, is but too sadly apparent; since, in less than four years, the grand total of over four hundred members, had dwindled to the startling minimum—of twenty-five!

Surely, now was the crucial test of the Society's worth! but those faithful few were made of true metal, fortunately, and, instead of cravenly giving up the Ship—like wise and brave men they set about repairing the leakage, and strengthening the weak places. Their judicious and tactful measures, soon righted the dismantled bark of the Temperance Society, and it floated once more, gallantly, on the waves of success. Like wise fishermen, they then baited their hooks with the right kind of enticement, by getting up a re-union of the old members,—issuing many invitations which were all accepted—cunningly contriving to have good speakers present, whose eloquence, in the "great cause," would gain for them many recruits. It succeeded like a charm; and thus in 1878, was inaugurated the Annual Supper, which entertainment the Society has ever since indulged in, as a yearly custom.

As soon as the treasury permitted, such lecturers as Father Cleary of Wisconsin, Monsignor Conaty, and

the late Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlborough, brought the force of their eloquence to the aid of the newly revived cause, with most gratifying results.

Thus, it was, that the local T. A. society, was saved from shipwreck by those few veteran members, whose zeal, wisdom and energy, tided it over the rough places which threatened its destruction. Their names are William Nugent, William Cullen and Daniel W. Devanny.

Though the present membership is but about one hundred, the influence of its living presence, is a wide-spread power for good among the people; to which potency, the Ladies' Aid contributes no small impulse; its inspirations and assistance having ably seconded every "motion" that advocated and promoted the well-being of the society. Its great Field Day was held Sept. 2nd, 1890, and, on that occasion, Pittsfield's F. M. T. A. S. put itself on record as one of the most hospitable branches of the T. A. Union.

The marching thousands of Irishmen, carrying aloft the snowy banners of Total Abstinence, side by side with the starry flag of our great nation and the emerald ensign of Erin, was an inspiration and a joy.

In '96, the society purchased real estate on Melville street; whereon, in the near future, they purpose building a suitable and convenient home, whose combined attractions of reading rooms, gymnasium, etc., will do much towards rivaling the splendid achievements of first enthusiasm, in the days of '74.

The military cadet company, formed in '84, has made a brilliant record for itself. Our cadets superior skill as tacticians, winning a wide spread fame, as well as six magnificent banners of silk—and a full measure of

our local pride; their victories having made the entire population glory in the Temperance Cadets.

In 1876, still another church organization sprang into existence; one whose noble work of Charity has relieved and comforted thousands of unfortunate poor during its life of twenty-one years. The work of the St. Vincent de Paul, needs to eulogy; its never ceasing benevolence, making it the most cherished of all our church organizations; its very name being a magic talisman to open every heart in the cause of God's poor.

Rev. Laurence Durwin, who succeeded Father Smythe, was its founder, with Owen Coogan as its first president, Dr. William Mercer vice-president, Patrick Hanrahan treasurer, and Michael Casey secretary. Its members were less than a dozen, chosen from among the most prominent, or devoted men of the congregation. Its motto is, "Never let the left hand know what the right hand does;" its charity, being chiefly bestowed under the kindly cloak of the night, that curious eyes may not see, and gossiping tongues have no occasion to talk, and the sensitive pride of the worthy poor, be shielded from thoughtless comment. There are no salaried officers, volunteer service being gladly tendered in the cause of God's poor. Like the great saint, whose name it bears, and whose work of zeal it continues, its characteristic traits are kindliness and perfect sympathy. "The poor, are my burden and my joy," said the great-hearted Vincent de Paul, and his local apostles feel, in their degree, the same tender pity for the suffering members of Christ, that made that great lover of the poor, a holocaust sacrifice on the altar of his zeal.

Its work is accomplished without any sounding of trumpets; its contentment being in the thought, that

God loves the charity which hides itself from human praise, and waits in patience for His "well done!" avoiding the transient glory of man's fickle approval. The St. Vincent de Paul society,* is food to the hungry; clothing to the naked; warmth to the shivering; comfort to the sorrowing, and a refuge for all the poor. Its work, is that of corporal mercy; but the results of its carefulness of the body, sink deeper than this "shell of our existence," to bring into the spiritual part of us beautiful thoughts of gratitude, and the softening influence of true charity,—whence springs all things loveliest in this "vale of tears."

At present, its officers are Michael Casey, President; C. R. St. James, Vice-President; Frank McSweeney, Secretary; Wm. Nugent, Treasurer. Other societies there are, like the A. O. H., established in 1879, and the Knights of Columbus—but, as these are not what is called "Church societies" properly, being more secular in their objects and aims, a later notice will be given in a more fitting chapter.

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*The "St. Vincent de Paul" was the first organized charity in the town.

CHAPTER X.

THE CEMETERIES. CURIOUS STONES. AN ORIGINAL SCULPTOR. HIS GENIUS. A LIFE SKETCH.

N 1846, Father Brady purchased of Henry Callendar, the old cemetery lot on Melville Street, which, for about seven years, served the burial purposes of the Catholics of Berkshire; all bringing their dead to its consecrated soil, until it would receive no more, being completely filled in 1853. Father Cuddihy, during that year purchased, as before related, ten acres of land in the north part of the town of James L. Brooks, paying six thousand dollars for the same. Later, in the year, he bought an extra ten rods; and then expended six thousand dollars more, in laying out St. Joseph's new cemetery; making roads and grading the unevenness of its surface, until it was suitably improved and ready for the Catholic dead of Berkshire.

In 1869, Father Purcell bought seventeen acres more, an adjoining farm furnishing the desired land. There is but one vault in St. Joseph's cemetery, that of the Nilan family, which serves for a receiving tomb as well as family burial place.

In the "old" part, there are more quaint and curious gravestones, than any cemetery in the land can boast of; and these old stones, "thrown out of plumb" by the frosts of many years, bear upon their carven fronts, the graven history of the early Irish of Berkshire; who lie asleep in the Lord, 'neath these white reminders of the passing glories of the world.

A stranger, sauntering along the silent streets of this city of the dead, finds much to interest and even amuse him, in the crude sculpture and halting versification of the epitaphs, that embellish nearly all the stones in this antiquated quarter. A superficial or shallow observer, will simply laugh and perhaps ridicule, the evident lack of training in the hand which carved these graphic tales in stone; but, a thinking mind, will detect sure marks of genius, that was far above the ordinary, since true originality characterizes them all.

Religious subjects are mostly graven on these memorials of the early Irish; their preference speaking eloquently of the faith, for which they suffered such grievous things,—whose glory was ever their first and dearest hest. The Crucifixion, is the subject most frequently portrayed; its sorrows and agony having ever given courage to their hearts in hours of desolation. Everywhere is seen the pictures of Him, who trod the wine press of His sorrows alone, that they might be comforted; and, twining in rich luxuriance about Him, is the triune shamrock,—emblem of the loved land of their birth,—a land whose staunch Catholic faith, is the purest and truest of Christian nations!

The round towers of Erin, are often depicted in the back ground of a Crucifixion; which, perhaps, seems an incongruous detail to the thoughtless—but which is full of meaning to them, whose native soil was ever a Calvary, since Tyranny ruled the Isle of Saints.

Submission to the decrees of Divine Providence, is a marked characteristic of Irish faith. Death has no grisly terrors for the innocent hearted sons and daughters of Erin, whose religion is one of love and confidence, ever a consolation; for it is "a kind Father,"

who rules both life and death; and a dear and sweet "Mother Mary," who pities and prays for them, in every affliction. This faith is everywhere seen on these quaint tablets, which tell, in their crude sculpture, this beautiful story of resignation. Young mothers, called from their children by the summons of Death's angel, lift their trusting faces to Him who reaches His wounded hands to them, yearningly, from His cloud throne above, even while their hearts are bleeding at parting from their little ones. Angels, singing "Gloria in Excelsis," dispel the terrors of death, by pointing upwards to the joys of Heaven, which await the faithful soul ready to take its flight; and always, above the loving mourners, these winged messengers of the Most High, keep most tender watch and ward. Lambs are often seen on these memorials of the dead, and the cross is ever with them; for, as the "Lamb of God," poetical Irish nature loves to think of Him, who would not "Crush the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." These gentle representatives of the Lord, are sculptured very well indeed; a severe critic considering them well nigh equal to one of the celebrated Power's which stands in the Protestant cemetery.

Railroad accidents, drowning and sudden death, in many forms, was frequently the fate of the Berkshire Irish; who seem to have courted, rather than avoided danger, in the early days, with characteristic courage and rashness, as these old stones relate.

Railroad accidents were so common, that it is said the Know-Nothings petitioned the legislature, *to build bridges at more frequent intervals along the iron roads, that the Irish might be more quickly disposed of.*

However that may be, certain it is, that deaths, sudden and terrible, were startlingly frequent on the railroad; its curtailed distances, being an irresistible temptation to Irish nature,—impatient ever, of round about ways, when a direct one can be preferred; therefore, the sinuous winding of the dusty turnpike, were scorned; and the dangerous railroad became their chosen thoroughfare, with the fatal results recorded.

In these mortuary pictures, there is a carelessness of drawing and, sometimes, a touch of the ridiculous; as if the sculptor wrought against his will, impatient of the prevailing taste, which demanded this style of monumental embellishment. Indeed, in some cases, his inherent waggishness got the better of his wisdom, as one or two of these memorials testify. A Child at Prayer, "The Angel's Whisper," and the carven angel heads, on his own monument, show that, if this self-taught sculptor had but good models, proper materials and even a *chance* of cultivation, he might have achieved greatness. But what could he do with hard, flint-like stone, flat models and scant time?—his vast patronage ever keeping him in a hurry—therefore, the samples of his work, as seen in St. Joseph's cemetery, are but crude and imperfect, giving no idea of nobler works, performed in the leisure hours of winter days, when trade was at a standstill.

A statue of Rachel mourning, was sent to the Washington Exposition in the fifties. It took a fine premium, and found a purchaser in a New York banker, who placed it on his family plot, giving his note in security. A short time after, he became bankrupt; and the sculptor, like many another genius, never received payment for his work.

A group, "Christ blessing little children," was carven in leisure time, and is the one effort of his life, which will remain a lasting testimony to his untaught genius; for this 'graver of stone never had any instruction, gleaning what he knew from an inherent love of the beautiful, aided by keen observation and patient study. This piece of statuary is about four feet high, and occupies the place of honor in the Minim department of Notre Dame University, Ind., to which it was given by his children. It is considered "A beautiful piece of work."

He was born in Ireland in 1805, in the town of Drimadone, County of Mayo. When a mere boy, he delighted to startle his good old mother, with quaint little images in plaster, which he would mould, some fair or market day, when his unsuspecting parent would be absent several hours; to find on her return, these "leprechaun" figures, peering at her from the dusky corners of her little home; giving her many occasions for a jump and a scream, that was music, indeed, to the mischievous artist hidden behind the "settle" or door. A sounding box-on-the-ear, was the usual reward for these early fruits of his genius, which, however, soon brought him the attention of the surrounding country folk—ever so quick to recognize and encourage talent.

The poor, could bestow no aid, but that of praise and admiration; but the rich, gave him work. Soon, the "grand gates" of the "gentlemen's" demesnes, were flanked by rampant and couchant monsters, of his creation; and the "highest in the land," were his friends and companions.

A well born and beautiful girl became his wife and four children were born to them. In 1839, he decided

to come to America; and, before coming, carved an Angel with outspread hands, which he placed in the old parish church at Drum, with a graven inscription at the base, which reads thus:

"O Prince of Heaven, pray to our Saver
For Michael Mullaney, my engraver."

He was one of the two Irishmen who first settled in West Stockbridge in 1839; and his house and his pocket book, were ever afterward open to the poor exiles of Erin, who were flocking daily into Berkshire.

His education, acquired through the medium of teachers, was meagre in the extreme; but an insatiable craving for knowledge, urged him on in its pursuit, until he possessed as varied a store of information, as fell to the lot of far more favored men.

Irish, he could read and write, as well as speak; his fluency, in the last, being marvelous. It was said, he spoke the "sweetest Irish" of any of his countrymen. His accent was perfect and his enunciation clear, yet soft. French, he could converse in, and Latin, he knew sufficiently well, to make the church prayers more beautiful than any translation has the power to do.

Scripture and history, were his favorite studies; Epic poetry, and the songs of Ireland his special delight, and "trash" his abomination. The Bible, was as familiar to him, as the primer lessons of our youth. The books most dear to him, beside the Bible, were Josephus, Herodotus, Pope's translations of Homer, and the History of Ireland; though books of every description, were found upon his shelves.

The heroes most admired by him were Napoleon, Washington, Kosciusco and O'Connell. His love of

study, made him a perfect encyclopedia of information ; his countrymen coming to him in every mental difficulty, accepting his decisions as "ex cathedra" pronouncements, not to be questioned.

An extract from the "Sun" in 1883, gives a description of him, which every one of the older people who remain, will acknowledge as true, since it was gleaned from their personal knowledge of the man. It says: "In his day, no man, not even the priest, was held in higher regard. At a wake, wedding or social meeting, he was the authority and oracle. Any dispute of rhyme or reason, of prose or poetry, he could settle. He was judge and referee always; and the advent of this little old gentleman, into any meeting of his countrymen, with his quaint dress suit and stove pipe hat, was the signal for a reverential hush, and the immediate cessation of all argument. Whatever had been the subject under discussion, his decision was final."

The foregoing is not overdrawn ; for the writer of this book was his companion, on many of these occasions, and was ever astonished at the silence which fell upon the argumentative hubbub, when it was perceived that their "oracle," stood in their midst ; quiet, observant and ever just in his decisions, which never lacked calmness, and were given without any pedantic flourishes, and only given,—when asked for.

He was a man of high ideals, fettered, harrassed and cramped for room, in which to grow ; yet, springing upward, despite it all, like the hardy Edelweiss of Switzerland, which presses its sturdy head through the rock crevices, amid Alpine snows. A surer symbol of moral force, conquering adverse circumstances,

than the trained and cultured growths of the pampered flower world!

Had this struggler after high things in his art, but a little of the opportunities granted to others, his fame would have over-topped theirs; but, these being lacking, with true Irish faith he submitted to the permission of Providence, which left him to the end of his days, a mere "hewer of stone," with all his imperfections thick upon him; yet, loving beauty to his latest breath, while fully conscious of his own limitations. That he was a wag, too, is well known—ever enjoying a joke with true Celtic zest, if it wasn't mean or low; yet, at times, as we have said, his spirit of drollery got the better of his wisdom.

He came to Pittsfield in 1856, his growing business demanding a more central location than West Stockbridge, and, for many years, he was the only Catholic marble dealer in Berkshire. This original genius had carven his own inscription on the family monument, which was the first erected in St. Joseph's cemetery—and, in December, 1871, the space left for the date of his death, which had remained blank for so many years, was at last filled in,—for the old sculptor was dead!

About him, on every side, are the white witnesses to his genius; above him, is the elaborate monument of his own carving, with its simple inscription beginning with characteristic faith and humility—"O, God, be merciful to the soul of Michael Mullaney;" ending in an epitaph, which is a tribute of affection, to the wife of his young days.

Such was the sculptor of the quaint, crudely graven stones in St. Joseph's cemetery. A man, whose virtues were many more than his faults, and whose multitu-

dinous acts of kindness, left him poor in this world's goods—when he might have been rich—but which heaped upon his memory the grateful prayers of homeless hundreds, who were sheltered and fed by him in days when loneliness and poverty made "sick hearts sicker still," in this land of the exile and the stranger. A man, who loved hospitality and charity, more than riches; which his great and widespread patronage might easily have made for him, had not his generosity and liberality totally prevented.

"Riches," he would say, "take to themselves wings, but charity to our neighbor, lays up treasures in Heaven;" therefore, in his house, as in that of the Vicar of Wakefield, "The maimed and the blind, the halt and the poor, were welcome guests," for, "No one should be without a roof to cover him as long as he had a shingle over his head," said this old sculptor. Surely he was a genius in more ways than one, and in kindness such as this he was greatest and grandest.

CHAPTER XI.

The French Parish. Rev. N. Lamarque, First Pastor. Rev. Father Derbuil. A Mysterious Affair. Rev. Father Quevillon. A Saintly Cure. His Life and Work. His Golden Jubilee. His Resignation and Death. Rev. Father Desaulniers. Rev. Father Triganne. Lovely Notre Dame. Rev. Amable L'Heureux.

N 1867, there being about one hundred families of French-speaking Catholics in Pittsfield and a French curate at St. Joseph's, it was decided, by the Bishop, to form this portion of the congregation into a parish of their own, which was done, to their great satisfaction, early in that year. Rev. N. Lamarque was appointed as the first pastor, the old building on Melville street serving all purposes as parish church. In 1868, Father Lamarque was removed and Father Derbuil was appointed as second pastor of the French.

During Father Derbuil's pastorate, a mysterious episode occurred that caused great excitement for a time, as it was supposed to be an attempt upon his life. Bullets, which had been fired through a window, were found flattened against the back of the confessional at just the height of the priest's breast,—had he been sitting there. Fortunately, on that particular day, he was at Webster, assisting at a "Forty Hours" devotion; and murder, if it was intended as such, was prevented by his absence. A mystery it was, and a mystery it has remained all these years. It must have been some one not a member of his congregation, for they all

knew of the priest's absence; but, whatever fanatic it was, no clue was found that would lead to the detection of the criminal, and, after the usual nine days wonder, it was allowed to pass, since the pastor was willing to have it so, after all ordinary means had failed to detect the perpetrator. This happened in May; in December following, Father Derbuil was removed to Boylston, Mass., where he became pastor of a much more important parish, remaining there until his death, a number of years afterward.

The successor of Father Derbuil, as pastor of the French, was a man, whose long years of active service and holiness of life, as a priest of God, marked him with the seal of sainthood. Venerable Pere Quevillon came to Pittsfield in December, 1870; thenceforth, to labor for his people with the characteristic vigor and unselfish devotion, which had marked his priestly career of well nigh half a century.

Bowed beneath the weight of many years, worn and frail, because of labors and hardships endured, the third pastor of the French, might well have been excused from further toil, even in the Lord's Vineyard; where he had worn himself out, in faithful labor, during the long years of his priestly life. But Father Quevillon was a saint; and saints, seek not their own comfort, but rather to sacrifice it and every human satisfaction, in the service of the Lord.

When Father Joseph Quevillon came to Pittsfield, it was after he had served under twelve Bishops in Canada and the United States. The most needy places, ever alluring him, in preference to the comforts of a prosperous pastorate. Just as soon as the charge assigned him was firmly placed on a solid foundation,

his apostolic soul yearned again for the hardships and sacrifices in which new foundations are ever prolific; and thus—his talents as founder being as well known as his saintly aspirations—he had been sent hither and yon, from one Bishop to another; from one difficult field, to another; until he came to the last of his earthly labors;—the new and struggling parish of the French in Pittsfield.

There was much for him to do here. The church was old and in need of many repairs; but, until the French people could afford to buy the old church, it was left undone. In 1874, Father Quevillon bought the Melville Street Church for six thousand dollars, from St. Joseph's parish; giving two thousand dollars of his own fortune for the purpose, and borrowing the rest from the Savings Bank. After he came to Pittsfield he had invested the whole of his life's savings, in two houses on First Street. These he mortgaged to their full value afterwards in order to pay for the repairs and improvements, which he immediately set about making on the old church edifice in 1874, the year of its purchase.

The interior was frescoed, a new altar was built and furniture bought; a tower and spire were added to the facade, the former, giving a vestibule to the front entrance, which was an improvement much needed, as it made the church warmer and protected the interior from the road dust which used to float in, formerly, through the open doors leading directly to the street. A fifteen hundred pound bell was purchased, and numerous less important improvements indulged in, that, in the aggregate, summed up a total of six thousand dollars more—which Father Quevillon paid for

from the mortgage money raised on his First street houses; thus, in the winter of his days, the generous, saintly-hearted old priest, left himself without a cent of money, or even a shelter, which he could call his own; that the dwelling place of his Lord might be made more beautiful, and no part of the burden be laid upon the people!

That the dear old man was enabled to pay this sum "out of his own pocket," gave rise to the belief, among his own people, that he was possessed of a large fortune—as he had said nothing about the generous sacrifice he had made. His answer, when questioned on this head, is characteristic of the saintly old priest, who said in his quaint way: "My fortune consists of a debt of six thousand dollars;" which "fortune," by the way, was not taken from him. At his death, in August, 1892, he was completely impoverished; his funeral expenses being paid by the Association for Indigent Priests. Whatever he had, had been given to the church freely; and, at the age of eighty-seven he died;—an apostolic man, indeed, without "scrip or purse" of earthly possessions—but with a full store of heavenly treasures.

On the 23rd of September, 1878, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee; being himself celebrant of the Mass, said in thanksgiving for the fifty years of priesthood permitted him. As his quavering voice chanted the Preface, on that morning, he seemed another "Simeon" singing his "Nunc Dimittis"; for every one present, felt that his "dismissal" from priestly service, must soon be pronounced; and many eyes were dim with tears and many hearts shaken with emotion, as the feeble tones rose and fell, in that Song of Praise.

It was a glorious day for that faithful servant of the Lord! No expense or labor had been spared, to make it a splendid tribute of honor; all classes of people, joining in the demonstration.

Bishop O'Reilly graced the occasion with his presence; laying an honorable tribute of praise, at the feet of the humble priest, who deprecated the encomiums pronounced; deeming himself, with true apostolic simplicity and humility of heart, "an unprofitable servant."

In the evening, St. Joseph's congregation joined with that of St. Jean Baptiste, in doing him honor; St. Joseph's societies, parading in full regalia side by side with their French brethren, in a grand procession, which formed at the Church on Melville Street; marching thence, headed by St. Joseph's Band, to the Academy of Music, where speeches were made and presents tendered. The priests assembled gave him one hundred dollars in gold. The gentlemen of his parish, presented him an elegant gold watch and chain,—for the good old priest had none—and the ladies gave him a gold chalice. These were the principal gifts; though there were many others, both from St. Joseph's and Notre Dame's congregations. Many priests were present from Canada and the United States, who all rejoiced in, and were inspired by, the long years and sanctity of Father Quevillon. A sketch of his life and work, was printed in the Eagle; from which we copy the following:

"Father Joseph Quevillon, was born at St. Vincent de Paul, Canada, June 1805; the youngest of thirteen children; of which number, besides Father Joseph two brothers, one eighty, and the other eighty-six, and a sister aged eighty-two, are still alive.

At thirteen, Father Joseph entered the College of Montreal, where he remained eight years; and then took a theological course, with Bishop Leterque of that city, with whom he made his home during his studies. At twenty-two, he received minor orders; and, in due time, was made sub-deacon and deacon; being ordained in 1828, and at once assigned to Mission work. He was afterward, made pastor at St. Polycarp, Canada, where he remained nine years; building a twelve thousand dollar church, besides a parochial house.

He retired from St. Polycarp and came to the States, where he labored, at Oswego and Syracuse, New York. Afterwards, he went back to Canada, where he was appointed pastor of St. Elizabeth's, Montreal; remaining five years; building a convent, costing five thousand dollars, and repairing the church, at a cost of eight thousand dollars. He was then appointed to Burlington, Vermont; building while there, St. Joseph's Church, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. From there he went to Isle Bizard, remaining four years; repairing a church at the expense of five thousand dollars. He afterward took charge of his old parish at St. Vincent de Paul for a year; going thence to St. Edwards' Island, where he remained eight years; building a five thousand dollar convent, and repairing the church at a cost of one thousand dollars. He was sent, again, to Syracuse; where he bought a church from the Methodists for five thousand dollars, and fitted it up for his congregation."

In 1870, he came from Holyoke, where he was founding a congregation, to Pittsfield; where he died in 1892, at the age of eighty-seven. His body was taken back to his birth-place, St. Vincent de Paul,

Canada, where it was interred with his family. One of the most interesting religious ceremonies, ever taking place in Pittsfield, was the blessing of the bell, bought by Father Quevillon in 1873, which took place, September 21st of that year. The bell was placed upon a frame in the central aisle, and decked in purple and fine linen, adorned with bouquets and wreaths of flowers.

Rev. Father Cuddihy blessed it, remarking, that "It was just sixteen years before that he blessed the bell of St. Joseph's." The pastor, Father Quevillon, then rang loud peals upon the bell, and the congregation was invited to strike out peals—a ribbon and clapper being arranged for the purpose. It was given the name of Mary, Joseph, Patrick; the first, in honor of the Blessed Virgin—the second, in honor of the pastor—and the third, in honor of Bishop O'Reilly, who was present at the ceremony.

In the year of 1882, Father Quevillon, on account of his age, resigned his pastorate, living the few years of his remaining life, in the retirement of his home—the cottage which stands on the south corner of First and Adam streets. A private chapel was built on, for his use, and here, it was, that saintly Father Quevillon breathed his last; dying, as the patriarchal saints died, full of years and with his life replete in good works and crowned with a heroic and noble self-sacrifice.

He was succeeded by Rev. Father Desaulniers, who gave up the parish in 1890, to be succeeded in turn by Rev. L. O. Triganne, now pastor of Notre Dame Church, Adams, Mass.

With the advent of Father Triganne, began a new era for the French, an era of activity; the crown of

which, was the building of lovely Notre Dame, the architectural gem of Berkshire county.

The new pastor made a visitation of the parish, taking a complete census of his people, at the same time. Finding they were sufficiently numerous and prosperous

Rev. L. O. Triganne.

to essay the building of a new church, he took immediate steps towards raising a fund for this purpose; and, at the end of three years,—which time he remained with them,—thirty-five thousand dollars had been raised, through the medium of fairs and other entertainments.

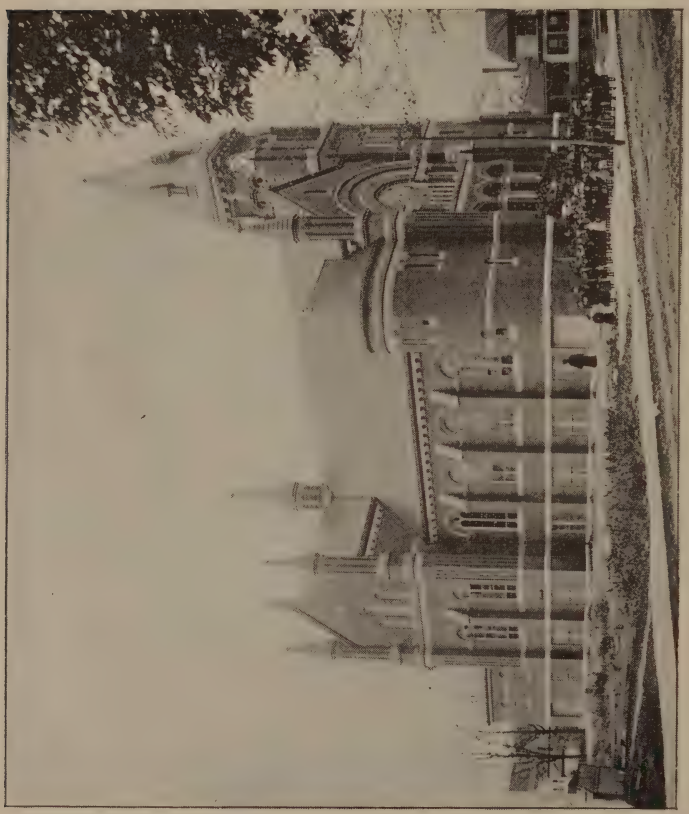
Just when the French-Catholics were most enthusiastic and eager for the venture, Father Triganne was

taken from them; being appointed pastor of Notre Dame Church, Adams, Mass — and Rev. Amable L'Heureux became his successor. This removal of their beloved Priest was a severe blow to the French-Catholics of Pittsfield, for Father Triganne's extraordinary energy, zealous piety, sterling business qualities and strict ideas of discipline, had spurred on the French in laudable ambitions and exemplary ways, until he became to them a part of their very hearts—making his removal a painful one indeed.

His successor, Father L'Heureux, though a man of broken health and most extraordinary suffering, has nobly and heroically accomplished the task of building the new church, and not only a new, but a most beautiful one. Beautiful Notre Dame, will stand a perpetual memorial to his wonderful self-sacrifice and devotion; for its every stone is laid upon his heart, as it were, and is cemented, almost by his blood; so great has been the suffering, which racked his body, while superintending the uprearing of this magnificent temple. He has fainted upon the altar; and, more than once, been prepared for death; but he has marvelously recovered, to see completed, the great work undertaken.

Notre Dame de Bon Conseil is Romanesque in architecture, with a singular freedom from any jarring effects in lines or adornment. It is simply exquisite, within and without, reflecting great credit, indeed, upon the good taste of Father L'Heureux, and the generosity of his people. The chaste finish of the graceful interior, is a delight; affording just the quiet harmony of pale tinting requisite, as a background, for the rich coloring of the painted windows and richly toned Via Crucis, which adorn the walls.

The corner stone, of this beautiful church, was laid September 15th, 1895, the dedication occurring on May 2nd, 1897, Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven and a host



Church of Notre Dame.

of clergymen attending, on both occasions. The sermon, at the corner stone laying, was preached by Rev. Charles Crevier of Holyoke, who also preached at the after-

noon service of the dedication, when the Stations were blessed. The dedicatory sermon, was given by Father Billiau of Montreal, a Redemptorist Father, who had preached a mission the month before. On this occasion, a large class of children was confirmed, Bishop Beaven preaching, on the Sacrament, in terms easily comprehensible to the little ones, white-robed and interested.

The unique organ, of this lovely church, is the only one of its kind in Berkshire; and, for aught we know, in the United States. It was built in Canada—at an expense of twenty-five hundred dollars—by the far-famed Cassabant Freres of Montreal, and was specially designed for Notre Dame. In order that the glowing beauty of the rose window of the choir might not be hidden, the organ is a divided one; the pipes running under a floor platform, thereby connecting the two seeming organs, which grace either side of the choir loft. Their harmonious tinting and rich gilding, adding much elegance to this portion of the church.

Notre Dame's congregation, may well be proud of this temple of the living God, erected by their generosity, and beautified and adorned with a splendor, that good taste has made artistic, and well nigh faultless. It is the most beautiful church in the whole county. A proud prerogative for the French Catholics, surely, and for Pittsfield as well; for, independent of creed or prejudice, the citizens glory that so exquisite a bit of architecture graces this city of ours, which has been called, "The loveliest in the Union."

Rev. Amable L'Heureux was born at St. Valerien, Quebec, in 1857. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe,

Canada, and ordained in 1882. After five years' service, in St. Hyacinthe diocese, he was assistant, at Ware, for three years and a half. Afterwards, he was pastor at Fiskdale for three years, coming to Pittsfield in September, 1893.

Rev. Amable L'Heureux.

At the close of the Mission, held in this year of 1897, the League of the Sacred Heart became an established devotion at the Church of Notre Dame; great good resulting as the natural fruits springing from the practices of the League, wherever they are faithfully exercised.

Rev. Father L'Heureux is assisted by Rev. Father Varrilly, who was appointed to Notre Dame early in this year.

Rev. J. M. Varrilly was born April 25th, 1859, in the County of Galway, Ireland. His early education was received at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, but was finished at St. Sulpice, Montreal, Canada. He was ordained at St. Mary's Cathedral, Ogdensburgh, by Rt. Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams—a convert, by the way, having relatives in Pittsfield.

The cost of Notre Dame is over fifty thousand dollars, with much of the cost already paid; which, surely, is a great honor to the French Catholics.

CHAPTER XII.

1875–1890.

An Ordination at St. Joseph's. Curates of St. Joseph's. Father Purcell's Silver Jubilee. St. Joseph's Band. Its Leader, Clement Robert St. James. The Great Temperance Field Day.

The most solemnly impressive religious ceremony, ever taking place in Berkshire, was witnessed at St. Joseph's May 22nd, 1875. On that day, Rev. John Sheehan, now pastor of the French at Ware, was ordained to the priesthood, it being the only occasion, in the history of Berkshire, on which this great Sacrament was administered within its limits.

Father Sheehan, though not a native of Pittsfield, had lived here since early boyhood, his parents moving here from Worcester—where he was born—when he was only twelve years of age. To be ordained in one's boyhood's home is a rare honor, but Father Purcell's influence obtained this great favor for one, over whose youth and growth, he had watched with interest and pleasure.

The ordination of a priest is a ceremony never to be forgotten; and is but rarely witnessed—as it is seldom held outside the walls of a Theological Seminary, or a Cathedral,—therefore, on this occasion of Father Sheehan's ordination, St. Joseph's was packed with spectators, who were naturally awed and impressed, by the awful solemnity of the services.

Bishop O'Reilly officiated; and, after the ceremony, the newly ordained priest blessed the congregation; his mother and family, being the first to receive the benediction of his consecrated hands. Rev. James T. Sheehan, a first cousin, and, then, curate at St. Joseph's, assisted the new priest to say his first Mass the following Sunday; when, again, St. Joseph's was filled to its utmost capacity; this occasion being the first of its kind in Berkshire also.

Father James T. Sheehan was removed to Holyoke in May, 1878, and was succeeded at St. Joseph's by Rev. R. S. J. Burke—the most universally beloved priest, who ever ministered among the people. Father Burke's gift of eloquence, attracted vast crowds each Sunday that it was his turn to preach; Protestants, thronging to hear this Chrysostom of St. Joseph's, with as much delight as the Catholics themselves.

For nearly five years, this gifted priest remained in Pittsfield; winning all hearts, and doing much by his sermons, to level prejudice and lift it in its place, kindlier feelings twixt Protestants and Catholics, such subjects as the Infalibility of the Pope, Church and State, and the True Church, being ably expounded, with untold results of good. On some occasions the sacred precincts, alone, kept the listeners from giving enthusiastic demonstration to their feelings; so great was the power of the preacher.

He was made pastor at Westboro' in January, 1882; and the entire city mourned with one heart; the Protestants grieving and regretting, with the same sincerity as the Catholics, the removal of him who had won all hearts, by his piety, kindliness and rare gift of eloquence.

At one of his return visits, when he remained over Sunday to preach, the vast crowds, which flocked to hear him, reminded us of what we had read of the days of Lacordaire—when the whole of Paris thronged into Notre Dame, to listen to the great Dominican.

Rev. R. S. J. Burke.

His successor was Rev. Hugh J. Mulligan, of the Boston Arch-diocese, who was "loaned" for a short time, being succeeded in turn by Father Michael Harty of Holyoke, who was removed after a few months, his health having failed, Rev. Thomas Joyce, being sent in his place. This curate, after a year or

so, was made pastor at West Boylston; and Rev. M. J. Courtney was his successor; being followed by Rev. T. H. McLaughlin in 1885. Father Durvin was made pastor at Huntington in 1876–7, Rev. Richard H. Walsh coming in his place. Father Walsh did much work during the few years of his curacy at St. Joseph's. He was made pastor at Easthampton in 1878; and Rev. John McDermott was appointed as his successor early in 1879. Father McDermott remained here far beyond the time of any previous curate,—spending eight years of quiet usefulness in Pittsfield, before he was sent to Gardner, Mass., as pastor in 1887. He is remembered, as a perfect gentleman and pious priest. His successor was Rev. Patrick Burke whose health failed, after a few years; his successor being Rev. J. M. Kenny, at present first assistant at St. Joseph's. Rev. Father Burke died at his home in Webster soon after.

Rev. Father Purcell, having completed the allotted years—celebrated his Silver Jubilee on May 15th, 1878.

It was a great day surely; for, from early morn until late at night, St. Joseph's and its environments was a scene of festivity and glad rejoicing. The patriarchal pastor of the Berkshires was celebrating his silver "wedding," and all the people rejoiced with him; hundreds of clergymen coming to congratulate him, on this joyous occasion, from far and near. In the morning, Solemn High Mass was celebrated; Father Purcell being celebrant, Rev. James E. O'Brien and Rev. A. J. Derbuil—former curates—acting as deacon and subdeacon; Rev. James T. Sheehan was master of ceremonies; Rev. Daniel J. Sullivan, censer bearer; Rev. R. S. J. Burke and Rev. John T. Sheehan, accolytes;

Rev. Father Cuddihy and Rev. William Blenkinsop, of Boston, being assistants to the Bishop. Haydn's Mass, in B flat, was sung with the brilliancy of finish for which the choir was celebrated, Miss Kate Bently of North Adams, singing, after the Elevation, Rossini's "Inflamatus." Miss Bently, now Madame Bently of Kenwood Convent, was at that time a Protestant; but, even then, she sang Catholic music—particularly Ave Maria's—as no one *can* sing them who isn't a Catholic, at least in heart. Since the marvelous voice of Madame Albani rang through the lofty arches of St. Joseph's, in 1867, no voice, of such liquid sweetness and power as Miss Bently's, had so charmed the musical sense of Pittsfield Catholics.

At that time, Miss Bently was a pupil of Professor Lalor. She afterwards went to Europe to finish her musical education; and, when she returned, she was a Catholic. Just before she entered Kenwood Convent as a postulant, she sung at St. Joseph's once more, and for the last time, the solo parts of Weber's brilliant Mass in G, and, at the Offertory, an Ave Maria, charming and thrilling the great concourse of people, gathered to hear the extraordinary beauty of her voice.

Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly preached on "The Priesthood"; eulogizing Father Purcell's labor in Berkshire, saying: "That, when the pastor of St. Joseph's, came to Pittsfield, there were but two Catholic Churches between Boston and Albany—at Worcester and Pittsfield—where, in Berkshire alone, there now stands seventeen."

In the evening, services were held in the First Street lot—back of the church where now stands so many private residences, — the grounds being brilliantly

illuminated by Chinese lanterns and the torches of parading societies; who all united in honoring the venerable pastor of St. Joseph's.

A great platform had been erected in the centre of the grounds—and here, Father Purcell, surrounded with many priests and attended by the Bishop, received the societies by delegation; each making an address, and presenting him with a gift.

First, came the children dressed in gala attire—with Miss Kate Hannrahan at their head; who made a very loving address of congratulation, and presented a bronze bust of Pius IX. Afterwards, the children sang very charmingly, appropriate songs; and then the Sodality, in white dresses and blue ribbons, made their offering of a silver card receiver;—the Prefect, Miss Mary A. Walsh, making the address.

The F. M. T. A. society came next, William Nugent making the address, and presenting a handsome silver butter dish. The French Society of St. Jean Baptiste followed, giving a morocco case containing a full set of silver spoons, Mr. Peter Cummings reading the congratulations of the French. The veteran society, St. Joseph's Mutual Aid, came last, giving a magnificent swinging silver ice pitcher, the address being read by William Daly.

The crowning gift of the day was from the congregation, Professor Lalor making the address and the presentation ot five hundred silver dollars, which were placed in a silver medallion fruit basket. The clergymen, in the morning, had given a superb set of silver vestments, hand embroidered, and a rich chalice of gold.

Father Purcell was overcome with the joy of the occasion, and the loving tributes of his people, so his

acknowledgement and appreciation of their offerings, was expressed in few words, his emotion making even these a difficult matter. As he said himself, he was "never an orator;" and, on this occasion, he found it more than ever difficult to say all that was in his heart.

Three cheers were given for Father Purcell; and, Father Cuddihy being espied on the platform, the jubilant throng "called him out"; when another three cheers, with an additional "tiger," was given for the venerable priest, who was once their pastor, and whom they have ever looked upon, as their "own." Thus, at eleven o'clock at night, the celebration of Father Purcell's Jubilee was finished by the mighty shouts of thousands of glad people; who now dispersed to their homes, St. Joseph's Band which had discoursed appropriate music all through the evening, playing a last Te Deum, of musical thanksgiving.

In September, 1872, St. Joseph's Band was formed by the Mutual Aid Society; it being considered a wise and economical plan, to have a band of its own,—since there was plenty of musical ability among the members of the organization—and the heartiest approval of the venture, from pastor and people.

The first beginnings of our famous Cornet Band, were like unto those of every other venture of the kind. There were the crude abilities, to be trained and cultured; necessary expenses, to be met and defrayed; and a place to be won, in the esteem and appreciation of the public. All these rough plans were, by perseverance and skillful management, successfully smoothed over; and, that our local pride has become the strong and flourishing organization it is, may be entirely attributable to its honored leader, Mr. C.

R. St. James, one of its first members and most loyal adherents even though his characteristic modesty may disavow all this. He was little more than a boy, in 1873, and some short-sighted judges deemed him too young for a member; but, a keener visioned judge, the

C. R. St. James.

instructor from Albany, decided in his favor, remarking: "That lad will become your leader some day"—which remark surely entitles him to the rank of true prophet.

Some amusing tales are told of the excruciating agony caused adjacent neighborhoods,—by the new aspirants to public honors—when solitary rehearsals of members

rent the tranquil evening air with dissonant cornet solos, and the thunderous notes of the trombone and bassoon. The best of these anecdotes relates, that an enthusiastic member from Peck's was found, one evening, rocking the cradle with his foot, and playing a lullaby (?) on the bass horn, for his screaming babe—who "wept and would not be comforted," by the terrifying music. To-day, however, St. Joseph's Band is a success which everyone is proud of; and, though some progressive and faddish, not to say weak-minded ones, would have the old name changed to a more stylish and less holy-nomen,—the change would have to take place at the loss of their honored leader—Clement Robert St. James—who protests with quiet decision, that, whilst he is leader, it will remain as in the beginning, St. Joseph's Band.

Robert St. James is a Pittsfield boy—born and bred almost under the shadow of St. Joseph's cross. His name is the synonym of probity, excellence and deep and sincere piety. A man, whose life and means are spent in quiet, unostentatious charity and deeds of goodness.

During the twenty-five years of its existence, St. Joseph's Band has expended over five thousand dollars in rent, uniforms, music and instruments; all of which money, it has raised by its own efforts and earnings; never having had an association to back it up or any honorary membership to aid it, by the payment of yearly dues. To its own hard work, and the perseverance of its leader and veteran members, the whole honor of its success is due.

The names of its first members in 1873 were, C. R. St. James, Lawrence Mellody, Joseph Cullen, John

Flannigan, John Seigle, Thomas Walsh, John Fitzgerald, Peter Cullen, James Leonard, John Gorman, John Burke, Lawrence Coy, Christopher Whitmire, P. Cullen and Joseph Daly.

On September 1st, 1890, the great Temperance Field Day was held, it being the greatest public event in Pittsfield's history, excepting the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument.

Tens of thousands thronged the streets, which were brilliantly beautiful with gorgeous decorations of flags and bunting, with Father Mathew's handsome face gazing down from many festooned facades, high above the throng. It was, indeed, a great day for Catholics; a day which silenced forever, in local spheres, all baseless charges, which accused the church of lack of zeal in Temperance work. The day was beautiful, and the pageant more beautiful still; but, greater than the glory of marching thousands of Temperance men, and dazzling beauty of decorations, and inspiring music, and cheering of glad multitude, was the brotherly love and pride which, that day, united Pittsfield's citizens in a bond never to be broken; for, independent of creed or principle, Pittsfield's sons were all brothers, and, as brothers, were "one" in the heartfelt pride and glory of that great event.

Among the many state dignitaries present, was Lieutenant-Governor Haile; who viewed the great procession from a "grand stand" placed in front of the American House; afterwards visiting the Fair Grounds, where the day was spent, and the oration given; Rev. Francis McCarthy, S. J., being the speaker and "Temperance" the subject of a masterly discourse.

A poem by Rev. Richard J. McHugh was written for the occasion. It was called "The Chalice of Circe," one verse of which we quote.

"It fills the heart with rancor, dulls the mind,
Sows seeds of sin in Virtue's snowy breast;
The holiest vows it scatters to the wind,
The holiest things it treats with scorn and jest.
It nerves the arm to strike the friend loved best,
And whets the assassin's steel. From pole to pole
Deserted homes and broken hearts attest
The baneful charm of Circe's madd'ning bowl,
And every drunkard's grave marks her poor victim's goal.'

CHAPTER XIII.

1889–1891.

Consecration of St. Joseph's. Death of Father Purcell. A Chapter of Glory and Grief.

On Thanksgiving Day in 1889, Father Purcell had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his life's work crowned with success, by the Consecration of St. Joseph's Church; for it was free of every debt. Now, indeed, might Pittsfield Catholics lift up their hearts in glad thanksgiving, that the mighty burden of debt, nobly shouldered thirty years before, was at last laid down and they were free! Other Churches built after it, had been consecrated before it, — because the debt had been smaller,—but, nowhere, can it be said, that kindlier feelings existed between pastor and people, than existed here; for nowhere were people so little harrassed by calls for money as at St. Joseph's. Had Father Purcell been what is called a "hustler," the debt certainly might have been raised sooner; but he was never that, giving his people plenty of time to pay their dues, never being "hard" upon them. On the contrary, he was one of the most lenient of pastors, in this respect, as every one knows. Consequently, his people were not called upon, ever, to make any great sacrifices—since the church debt was largely paid by the profits of fairs, and pew rent surpluses, which, as the congregation grew in numbers, became quite an income.

It was an enormous debt, that one hundred thousand dollars, with its yearly interest and current expenses,

but it was at last paid; and proud, indeed, was Father Purcell of the great achievement! It was a joyful day for him,—and all the parish as well, though few, indeed, remained of the old Irish settlers, who had borne the "burden and heat of the day," only to die ere this glad morning had dawned upon them.

Great was the celebration of this glorious event—when St. Joseph's, stately pile, was to be consecrated, irrevocably, to the service of God! The "gates" of debt were "lifted up" and the King of Glory entered into His dwelling;—which, never again, might feel the profaning touch of earthly claims!

The day was gloomy, cold and desolate; but St. Joseph's was brilliant with light and beauty, and resonant with jubilant melody, when the great throng of people arose, as the long procession of priests and bishops entered the sanctuary for the celebration of Pontifical High Mass. After the consecration ceremonies had taken place, Bishop O'Reilly officiating, Monsignor Connaty, now of Washington University, preached a most able sermon on The True Church, at the morning service, our present Rt. Rev. Bishop, then simply Father Beaven of Holyoke, giving the evening discourse.

Dr. Connaty's arguments, proving that only Catholics possessed the Truth, were so forceful and unequivocal, that some of his ministerial listeners—for many were present—"took up the glove," as 'twas phrased—the following Sunday—and, no doubt, "Rome's aggressions" were duly castigated; but, that any argument was set forth which would weaken Father Connaty's claim, was kept a dead secret, as the sermon would not

be permitted the public Press, nor the learned Doctor a chance to defend himself.

At the consecration of a church, the relics of saints must be placed in the altar; therefore, directly in front of the Tabernacle, under the spot where the Holy Sacrifice is offered, relics of the early Martyrs are imbedded in the marble slab, a cavity having been prepared, previously, for their reception. The Bishop deposited them, sealing the marble covering with his own hands.

At the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving, Archbishop Williams of Boston, was the Celebrant; adding much to the dignity of the occasion, by his venerable and handsome presence. The music was particularly fine; a full orchestra augmenting the well known excellence of the choir, then under the able direction of Miss Kate Hanrahan, who had succeeded Prof. Lalor as organist of St. Joseph's. Orchestral music had been introduced by Prof. Lalor, some years before, at Christmas; and, ever after, on all solemn occasions, its additional charm has been a customary enhancement of the magnificent beauty of our festival music.

How often has our soul been ravished with delight, as the solemn prayerfulness of Mozart's 12th Kyrie rolled forth on the majestic beauty of stately organ tones, supernaturalized by the plaintive wailing of those weird violin melodies! And then, the jubilant gladness of Gloria and Credo! and the adoration of the Sanctus! All intensified by the soulful witcheries of stringed instruments, whilst the tinted glory of the sunlight fell in rainbow showers over the kneeling congregation and the vested priests and white robed altar boys and up-curling incense! None of all this

was lacking save the sunlight the day St. Joseph's received it consecrating unction.

Father Purcell did not long enjoy the happiness of seeing his life work crowned with success; for, in less than two years after the Church's consecration Death smote him; and, on November 9th, 1891, he died of paralysis; being only a few days ill. The solemn tolling of St. Joseph's bell aroused the sleeping city, early on that gray November morning, acquainting every listening ear, with the sad news—that Father Purcell was dead!

A community, like ours, ever feels in common, the passing away of them who have loved its welfare and kept its best interests close to their hearts. A public man is part of the public life; and, if he be a good man, as well,—a part of the public heart; therefore, his death is a public loss. The whole people mourn in common; and, in common, sympathize.

Father Purcell, had never taken any active part in public life, but he loved Pittsfield, and its welfare, and its people. He was never an obstacle in the way of its progress; but was ever glad of its prosperity, and quietly helpful by his approbation and assistance. For nearly forty years he had dwelt in peace and harmony with its citizens; when he died, no voice was lifted in enmity; for all had kind words for him, whose faults were, indeed, few — when compared with the vast majority of men.

When he came to Pittsfield, fresh from Ireland and the seclusion of seminary life, in 1853, he was the embodiment of simplicity and kindness, as innocent hearted and guileless a character, as ever Erin sent forth; and, to the end of his days, he remained the same: A man

without guile. One, whom to deceive, was an easy matter; and to play jokes on, a delight; so easily did he believe the most impossible story, which fun-loving colleagues might "spring" upon him in hours of recreation.

In the minds of the old settlers, "there was no one like him;" for he was ever ready to converse with them, and listen to their tales of weal or woe—sympathizing and advising, with true fatherly interest. It was a common thing to see him on the veranda of his house, with two or three of his oldest parishioners sitting about him, smoking and chatting of the early days—when Catholicity was young in the Berkshires, and he the only laborer in its broad vineyard.

There wasn't a Catholic family in the whole county that he didn't know, "root and branch," so familiarly did he visit his people in the early days of his vigor and strength, and so freely did they confide in him. He was no preacher—his emotional nature always overcoming him—the same defect ever keeping him from making any very awe-inspiring threats, when their sense of duty became dulled, as it frequently did during the passage of time, which lessened, by its so-called "progressiveness," the warmth of early faith in the hearts of American-born Catholics.

Many a time, it was the realization of this new growth of tares in his congregation, that made Father Purcell break down in his exhortations, leaving tears to finish, by their eloquence, the appeal he was obliged to cut short abruptly. His love for his "people," as he always called his congregation, was rooted deep in his heart: for, on his death bed, no other thought ruled

him but their welfare, and their happiness. Every earthly tie had been severed years ago; only this dominant affection ruling him, even to the moment his spirit took its flight. What-so-ever of worldly goods, which thirty-seven years of pastoral labors had brought him, was given back to his dear "people," the congregation he loved so well.

The Sunday before he died, he bade Father McLaughlin go before the congregation, and in his name, to ask their forgiveness for any and all faults, which, in moments when human nature might have been uppermost, he had committed; asking their prayers, and giving them his love and blessing for the last time. Every eye was wet as this last message of their old pastor was delivered; and, in that moment, they realized as never before, that he was, indeed, a true father; one whose undivided love was solely theirs.

The vast number of the people knew little of him—as his infirmities had exempted him from active duties for many years—but the older members really loved him, and none will ever supersede him, in their affection.

His last prayer was, "I hope that the Bishop will send some one to my people who will be kind to them;" which proves conclusively the deep love which Father Purcell felt for his parishioners; for that which rules us in life, will rule us more than ever, at the hour of death. "As we live, so shall we die," we are assured by Infinite Wisdom.

His last moments were most peaceful; and, when the tolling bell announced that he was no more, there wasn't a person in the town but was oppressed by its mournful message.

The day of his funeral, all business was suspended, and the schools were closed. St. Joseph's could not hold the vast throngs which came to pay their respects to its dead pastor lying in state in front of the black draped altars, so they passed up the middle aisle by the thousand, separating, at the sanctuary rail, passing to the right and left, and exiting by the side aisles; forming a continuous stream of spectators that lasted for hours.

It was a solemn and most impressive scene which the heavily draped pillars, pulpit and walls accentuated, by their sombre blackness. The children attended a special Mass in the morning, afterwards viewing their dead pastor;—many of them looking on his face for the first time.

Before the Solemn Mass begun, at nine o'clock, the hundred attending clergymen chanted the Office for the Dead; a ceremony once witnessed, never to be forgotten so solemnly beautiful it is. The Cantors were some of the best singers in the diocese. Rev. Father Drennan's magnificent baritone, Father Hanrahan's soft sweet tenor, and the resonant music of Rev. J. F. Mahar's voice seconded by that of Father Hugh Mulligan of Boston, and Fathers Ivers, Sherry, Lee and Martin, formed a double quartette of priestly singers such as Pittsfield never, before or since, had the pleasure of listening to. At the Offertory, they also chanted the Miserere, from the choir loft, clearly proving the wondrous beauty of Gregorian music when rightfully interpreted.

Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly preached the eulogy; taking for his text, the words of Our Lord spoken at the approach of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite, indeed,

in whom there is no guile," which words summed up, in their simplicity, the whole character of Father Purcell.

None imagined that day when listening to the musical tones and cultured periods of Bishop O'Reilly, as he stood in the pulpit, tall and beautiful in his purple robes, preaching on the shortness and uncertainty of life, that, within a few months he, too, would lie in death as the coffined priest below him;—but so it was. The mourning draperies were scarcely removed from St. Joseph's, before they had to be replaced in honor of our dead Bishop; who survived Father Purcell but a short time.

The celebrant of Father Purcell's Requiem Mass was Archbishop Williams of Boston, with Rev. Thomas Smythe of Springfield as deacon, and Rev. John F. McDermott of Gardner as sub-deacon. St. Joseph's seating capacity was packed beyond its power; the aisles were crowded; the galleries, choir, chapels and vestibules were likewise filled with thronging multitudes, which even then St. Joseph's vast interior could not accommodate; thousands being forced to remain outside and be content to flock about the open windows, catching what they could of the music and sermon. This great concourse of respectful people, of all creeds, fully testified to the esteem felt for Pittsfield's Catholic pastor. During the hours of the funeral service, all business was suspended, that the people might pay the respect they felt for Father Purcell; and from every steeple in town, the bells pealed forth their mournful "*vales*" in unison with St. Joseph's—and Notre Dame's—as he was lowered into the grave beside the church, which is his own chosen resting place.

After Mass was finished, an avenue had to be cleared for the funeral procession; which was done by the societies, who stood in double files either side the cleared path leading from then chrch doors to the grave. Along this pathway, the funeral cortege passed; the priests chanting the De Profundis, which changed to the Benedictus as the coffin was lowered into the earth.

So great was the crowd of people, that even the trees were utilized by adventurous and curious youths, who climbed among their branches, like Zacheus of old, to see what their size prevented sight of.

Such was Father Purcell's funeral—which the entire city united in making a most honorable finish to an honorable life;—a glorious tribute, indeed, to one who had lived to see Catholicity grown, from the tiny plant of his first coming, into the mighty tree with far spreading branches, of its present condition. When he came, there was but one Catholic church between Worcester and Albany—and that was his own; when he died, there were churches or missions in every town along the iron road, and in Berkshire alone,—twenty-one!

When his will was read it bequeathed all that he had, with the exception of a few family bequests, to St. Joseph's parish for the founding of schools. With the "old" Irish it had always been a zealous wish to have "Sisters" in the parish; the question being discussed as far back as the sixties when Maplewood was a coveted spot. Again, in 1883, the project was spoken of, but not pressed; now, however, in Father Purcell's death, the foundation of a sisterhood became an assured thing, which, future work, was left to his executors and successor to make a living fact.

Rev. Edward H. Purcell was born in Donnough-

more, County of Tipperary, Ireland, July 15th, 1827. His people were well to do, so that when Edward, the oldest of six children, showed signs of a vocation to the priesthood, no obstacle of poverty deterred him from following the holy calling; and he was ordained at Maynooth, May 15th, 1853, at the age of twenty-six years.

At that time, his country people were flocking to America in such vast numbers, that he and some other newly ordained priests, were inspired to come with them; thinking, rightly, that priestly laborers were few, and the spiritual needs of these poor exiles, many. Father Cuddihy, an old friend of the family, needed an assistant just then; and, remembering the studious son of his old friend, whom he became interested in at Maynooth, he sent for the young priest shortly after his ordination, thus affording Father Edward just the opening desired by his missionary zeal.

He arrived in Pittsfield, on July 11th, 1853; here to remain during all the days of his life, devoting to St. Joseph's parish the entire labor of his priesthood, both as curate and pastor. A singular prerogative indeed.

In the death of Father Purcell, the parish lost a true father—a kind friend. One who had baptized over six thousand of his people; who had married them and pronounced the last "requiescat" over their coffined bodies. One, who rejoiced in all the prosperity and joy that came to them, and sincerely sympathized with them in their afflictions. Although, for many years, confined to his house by the infirmities springing from the railroad injury in 1861, yet he was ever interested in each family; none being forgotten

in his solicitous inquiries regarding their welfare. It is safe to say, that St. Joseph's will never again have a pastor whose whole and entire heart will be given it, as was Father Purcell's; for it was his *sole* affection and pride, the great and crowning work of his life; and to lie within its shadow in death, the only posthumous glory he craved. Its stone glory being indeed the grandest monument. His home was ever the most kindly, in its welcome to his brother priests. No parish house in the county, being so much visited as his, because of the generous hospitality extended to all—by the warm cordiality and paternal kindness of Father Purcell.

His long line of curates, who, with few exceptions, remained with him in contented happiness until assigned parishes of their own, is one of the strongest proofs of his kindliness; they, who knew him for the longest time, being most earnest in his praise.

The esteem in which his Protestant brethren held him, is best expressed in these words uttered by Senator Dawes at the last reception given Father Purcell, when he returned from Ireland on September 25th, 1889: "Pittsfield is better for his life here among us; and all of us feel that, when he shall have gone to his reward, he will go with the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

The Call, commenting on Senator Dawes' eulogy, at the time of Father Purcell's death, adds this hearty endorsement: "Senator Dawes has only expressed well, what many another man could say of his relations with the deceased. He was large hearted, and, though probably not demonstrative, he had a warm place in his heart for mankind in general. Thus he commanded

from the first, and retained to the end, the respect and confidence of his own people and the people of the town where he spent his useful and busy life. Many a Pittsfield man will feel that he has lost a good friend in Rev. E. H. Purcell."

The mayor's proclamation, at his death, is but the echo of Pittsfield sentiment in general, when it said:

"Citizens have received with profound sorrow, the announcement of the death of Rev. E. H. Purcell, for thirty-nine years a resident of Pittsfield; and, during all those years as curate and pastor, ministering with unfaltering devotion to the parish of St. Joseph's. As a spiritual guide to the people under his charge, as a citizen ever seeking to promote the best interests of Pittsfield, and as a true and faithful friend, Father Purcell won and retained the love and respect of all who knew him.

The death of one who has been so long and intimately identified with this community, whose influence has been so wide and healthful, demand from us, more than ordinary notice; and I therefore recommend, that, as an expression of our respect for the memory of Father Purcell, all places of business be closed Thursday, November 12th, from ten to twelve o'clock, the hours of his funeral. Charles E. Hibbard, Mayor."

Such was the public testimony given to Father Purcell's worth; a tribute of honor which is only accorded the chief ruler of the state or nation; and, as such, was felt and appreciated by every Catholic heart. Thus was bridged over, forever, by Father Purcell's pastorate, the yawning chasm of misunderstanding which once existed between our Protestant brethren and Catholics in the early days of Catholicity in Pittsfield.

CHAPTER XIV.

1891–1897.

Father Purcell's Successor, Rev. T. M. Smith. Division of the Parish. St. Charles Church and Pastor, Rev. Charles J. Boylan. The League of the Sacred Heart. The Convent. The G. A. R. at St. Joseph's. Rev. T. H. McLaughlin. His Removal. Opening of St. Joseph's Academy. Father Smith's Life and Work. His Assistants. Remarks. A Priestly Quintette.

fter Father Purcell's funeral, the great question of importance was, "Who will be the new pastor of St. Joseph's?" A natural one surely and well calculated to arouse interest in any community, where Catholics are in so great a proportion, as in Pittsfield.

The people were not left long in doubt, the Bishop giving a direct answer to a direct question put to him by a Sun reporter, a few days after the funeral obsequies, by saying: "The best and biggest priest in my diocese, Father Smith of Lee, is to be pastor of St. Joseph's." Surely, the Bishop was granting the dying prayer of Father Purcell, by sending to his dear "people" some one who would be truly "kind" to them!

Father Smith was no stranger to the Pittsfield Catholics, having served for many years in Berkshire, where he came in 1876 as assistant to Father Lynch at North Adams. Afterwards he was made pastor at Lee in 1883, and, his kindly nature being well known, St. Joseph's people hailed with delight the news of his appointment as their pastor.

He did not come to his new home, however, until Christmas time; leaving the parish in charge of him, who had, during his five years of curacy—been the acting pastor of St. Joseph's—Rev. T. H. McLaughlin. A priest whose zeal, energy and sound business qualifications admirably fitted him for the task.

Rev. T. M. Smith.

During these last years of Father Purcell's life, Father "Mac" had been "his right hand,"—his strong helper and true friend; a priest whom he honored; a man whom he trusted, because he found him worthy of trust; therefore, the new pastor, likewise knowing his worth, left him in full charge for over a month

before coming himself to shoulder the weighty responsibilities of St. Joseph's pastorate.

Father Smith was here scarcely two years, before a step that was long impending, had to be taken,—and St. Joseph's parish was again divided; the new parish being formed of that part of the congregation living North of Burbank Street on the East, and North of Clough Street or Madison Avenue, on the West. This division caused much dissatisfaction to the people living within the limits of the new parish; for every one loved St. Joseph's, and it was a severe wrench to be separated therefrom; however, it had to be done; for the church, notwithstanding its great size was far from large enough to accommodate the people; many being crowded out on various occasions, which gave rise to customary dissatisfaction.

After cutting off two thousand souls, which number comprised the new parish, and the addition of a fourth Mass on Sundays in order to relieve the overflow, St. Joseph's is yet too small to accommodate, comfortably, the great multitudes which throng its vastness.

Before many years, another division of this great parish will be the natural outcome of its present conditions. Every one sees that, and every one expects it. When or where it will happen, no one knows, only it must come, some time. St. Joseph's people, though loth, indeed, to ever separate from it—as all love it well—will, nevertheless, accept the blow when it comes, with characteristic philosophy and good sense;—as but reasonable and right—and will submit to it as the rulings of Providence, and but another proof of the wonderful growth of Catholicity in Pittsfield.

Rev. C. J. Boylan of Oxford, Mass., was appointed pastor of the new congregation, which he placed under the patronage of St. Charles.

The old Coliseum, or Rink, bought in 1887 by Father Purcell for school purposes, was turned over to the use of the "new" parishioners until a church of their own was ready for them, and here, it was, that St. Charles people worshipped, until their fine church on Morningside Hill was ready for occupancy.

Too much praise cannot be given the courageous and generous people, of the new parish; who set to work with a will and accomplished wonders; as their fine new Church and elegant parochial house attest,—and all done within the space of two years! St. Charles Church is built of brick with marble trimmings, in the Renaissance style of architecture. It is one hundred and forty feet long, by seventy-six feet wide. The facade is adorned, on one side, by a handsome tower and steeple, the latter rising to a height of one hundred and thirty-six feet; a smaller tower of graceful proportions giving additional beauty at the southern corner of the facade. The basement alone is finished, as yet; but it, in itself is a handsome and comfortable place of worship with its steam heat, electric lights and pleasant interior.

Ground was broken for the new Church, May 20th, 1894; and the corner stone was laid, October 7th, of the same year; Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven officiating. The church was dedicated on this occasion also. The history of the new congregation, with the exception of the building of the Church, is that of St. Joseph's; for the two were one, until four years ago; therefore, what has been said of one includes the other.

Rev. Charles J. Boylan was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, in May, 1854; receiving his early education from his parents, who were public school

St. Charles' Church.

teachers. He completed his classical studies at Carlow College, in 1875; studying theology at Montreal, where he was ordained in December, 1878. Afterwards, he

was assistant, for three years, at Turners Falls; and for four other years, he was curate at the Immaculate Conception Church at Worcester. He was appointed pastor of Oxford in May, 1886, and at Pittsfield in 1893.

Rev. C. J. Boylan.

One of the first acts of kindness, which Father Smith did for his new parishioners, was to give his consent that the League of the Sacred Heart might be established, which was done on May 31st, 1892.

This wonderful organization, which has grown like the mustard seed of the Gospel, in our midst, blessing and comforting innumerable souls by its wondrous graces, has sprung indeed from small beginnings. Its

marvelous power and phenomenal success, bears the seal of God's own impress; for this great work is His alone—since only He has the power to make such a tiny seedling bring forth the wonderful fruits which have plentifully blessed our people;—and not only them, but thousands of others, through the influence of St. Joseph's Centre!

Ten years ago a mission was given here by Jesuit Fathers; the leader, Rev. Francis McCarthy, giving a sermon on devotion to the Sacred Heart, which so impressed his hearers, that, had a Centre been organized, as he hoped—the entire congregation would have joined. *That* was the planting of the seed; but not until three years after, did it put forth shoots. Another mission, with Father McCarthy, S. J., again as superior, was held at St. Joseph's in 1890; but the League, even then, was not started, to his great disappointment; however, the patience of faith was his, and it was fully rewarded a year later, when Father Smith extended him an invitation to come to Pittsfield and enjoy the fruition of hopes long entertained, by founding the centre of St. Joseph's.

There was a flourishing branch of the League in Pittsfield, before a centre was established; having been started by the zeal of a couple of young women who were determined to share in the great blessings coming from devotion to the Sacred Heart; so, when Father McCarthy came to found a centre, there were already four hundred associates enrolled on the register of St. Joseph's Church Troy, New York; to which Centre they had been affiliated for three years.

This, was a most encouraging beginning; and, so impressed was this zealous missionary, by the piety

and earnestness of Pittsfield Catholics, that he prophesied, from the pulpit, that this great devotion would not only take all Pittsfield captive, but would spread by their zeal far beyond its limits,—even through all New England! That his was a prophetic mind, is proven by a letter which he wrote, a few years after, wherein he says, "The growth of the League in Pittsfield is phenomenal and far beyond my expectations. * * * Through your influence—that of St. Joseph's Centre—indirectly, it has spread over all New England."

Surely, this is great glory for St. Joseph's promoters, who are the instruments of so much good! but the consolation afforded them, whose zeal has caused so many thousands of people to be enrolled under the banner of the Sacred Heart, is beyond expression!

A sketch entitled "The League in Pittsfield," published in the "Pilgrim" Magazine for December, 1894, has this to say of our local "Centre": "The zeal of our promoters was not satisfied with merely gleaning in their own fields, but, wherever they went they carried the devotion with them and sowed its seeds broadcast. As a result of this generous hearted zeal for the interests of the Sacred Heart, we have promoters in twenty parishes besides our own, and associates in Ireland, Canada, France, and in almost every State of the Union. This zeal is not of the rocket kind, but a steady burning flame that needs little care. * * * God has certainly blessed the work, as He has promised, as the numerous and wonderful favors granted abundantly testify. It really seems as if our Lord once more walked the earth, dispensing as freely as of yore His divine gifts. The sick are cured; those in affliction healed; employment

found; peace is restored to families and temptations are overcome. Temperance has increased noticeably, cursing and swearing have lessened in like ratio. * * * Most remarkable of all, numbers of hardened, obstinate sinners have been brought back—all through League prayers! * * * The devotion has done more than Missions, for those whom even Missions have not reached, have been sought out by the promoters. These Promoters of ours, are like the 'King's servants' sent into the 'highways and byways' to *force* into their feast, them who would never come otherwise.

We have about two hundred of these Apostles of the Sacred Heart; who, with few exceptions, continue to labor in His vineyard with the warm-hearted zeal, that characterized their first efforts.

Though so difficult to establish at first, it has grown like the mustard seed, taking the lead of all other devotions, for there is no devotion in our midst so powerful, so well beloved, or so rich in blessings for soul and body, as the League of the Sacred Heart."

The beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart was given by Mrs. McGuinness of New York City, a lady whose many generous deeds of piety are well known in that metropolis. Afterwards, Rev. Father Smith procured, as a companion piece, the lovely statue of the Sacred Heart of Mary, which is at the southern limit of the main sanctuary rail—the great dividing pillars forming fitting niches for these handsome statues. The words of Miss Donnelly's beautiful hymn express well, local devotion to the Sacred Heart:—

"In joy or grief, in hope or fear;
In sickness, sorrow and distress,
Behold a Refuge ever near,
To heal, to comfort and to bless!"

Rev. T. H. McLaughlin was appointed as its director, to continue in that capacity until his removal. His zeal and devotion was ever the inspiration and strength of St. Joseph's centre.

When he was removed, the League in Pittsfield lost one whose whole soul was in its welfare; one, whose prime motive was the honor and glory of God in all things; and who recognized in devotion to the Sacred Heart, the strongest lever in these our latter days, to move hearts to compunction, and souls to rise unto better things! Rev. John Fitzgerald was appointed director in his place. The great work left for the hands of Rev. Father Smith to perform, as pastor of St. Joseph's, was the erection of a convent, and the founding of schools. The will of Father Purcell bequeathed this work as a legacy to his successor, and his successor was bound to perform it either willingly or unwillingly. In this case, his successor was a man whose sympathies fully accorded with Father Purcell's desires,—and the work has been done.

St. Joseph's grand Academy stands as a monument to Father Smith's quiet energy and conscientious fulfillment of a duty imposed on him by the will of Father Purcell. This fine building is an ornament and a pride to Pittsfield, independent of creed distinctions, and the finishing touch to a great parish.

The property, on which it stands, was bought by Father Purcell in April, 1887, for twenty-two thousand dollars; and, in this case, as in the buying of the Church grounds in 1861, strategy had to be used in its purchase—or the Catholics would not have succeeded in securing it.

Everyone remembers the old skating rink and the unsightliness of its ugly architecture, which so long distigured North Street but particularly St. Joseph's handsome property ; and they also remember the time of its sale. It is still fresh in the minds of the people, what a ripple of excitement was caused, when the news of its purchase by the Catholics became known. It is related that one man wept all night, because the Catholics had outwitted him in its purchase ;—but, whether that is true or not the Catholics had gained the prize ; and all thoughts of erecting "smoky manufactories" on this fine location, were forced to be abandoned.

When the property was placed in the market, and it leaked out that the Catholics wanted it, the price took a tremendous leap : the rumors that disfiguring and noisy manufacturing buildings were going to be erected, being used as a forcible incentive for giving the stated price. *That* was considered a "*coup d'etat*," by some people who chuckled at their superior wisdom, without remembering that Irish wit is a dangerous weapon to play with—as the outcome proved.

The Catholics suddenly lost interest in the purchase of the Rink property ; and, just about that time, a Boston lawyer appearing on the scene, in the interests of a manufacturing concern, the sale was made to him at twenty-two thousand dollars. The purchaser being a Protestant and a total stranger, no suspicion entered the minds of the owners that the Catholics had beaten them with their own weapons—but on that evening a transfer took place which made William Turtle, Esq., owner *pro tempore* of the Rink property. A day or so later the Bishop of the diocese purchased it at the

same figures, and this coveted property was at last St. Joseph's! A college friendship and legal skill, to say nothing of Irish cleverness, bringing about the desired result.

Although it was clearly understood that Father Purcell intended it for school buildings, nothing was definitely settled about the matter, until the provisions of his will became known; and, even after, until 1894, the matter was allowed to rest; Father Smith taking no step in the affair, being loth to conflict with the opinions of any part of the congregation; for, it is an historical truth, that the building of schools met with almost universal disapproval. To a man of Father Smith's kindly and conciliatory nature, the position was a trying one; but, his duty as a good priest plainly forbidding any further delay, in a matter of such importance, he simply set himself at work to accomplish the task which fell to his lot to perform; and soon,—almost as if by magic—the great building rose from the earth an accomplished fact! From the day ground was broken, the people have been most interested; watching the growth of the Convent with an ever increasing admiration, until now there isn't a Catholic in Pittsfield who isn't proud of it.

St. Joseph's Academy is one of the finest Convent buildings in New England and the first school of its kind in the diocese. It is built of brick with stone trimmings—the interior being a model of excellence, in its appointments and finish. The main staircase is of richly carved black walnut. A real bit of art, in wood carving, which cost fifteen hundred dollars.

The corner stone was laid in May, 1896, with the usual ceremonies; Rt. Rev. T. D. Beaven officiating

St. Joseph's Academy.

and Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., preaching on "Christian Education and the Religious Vocation."

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Springfield with Sister Irene as Superior arrived early in September of this year of 1897; and, on the fourteenth of that month

formally opened St. Joseph's Academy—which the Bishop had privately blessed that morning, being assisted by several priests. Father Purcell's desires are at last fulfilled, and St. Joseph's parish has its convent school!

What the future will bring forth we know not; but, it does not require the spirit of prophecy to foretell, that, in a few years another building will be added to St. Joseph's property, which will be known as the Parochial School. It will follow—as naturally as the plant springs from the seed. We say this as a historian, not as an authority. A Kindergarten is already in flourishing condition, the North Chapel of the church being utilized for the purpose—and the parents of the children being delighted with the results of the Sisters' training, and enthusiastic in their praise.

There is plenty of room, back of the Academy, for a fine school building; and there are plenty of parents ready to send their children, when such a school is ready to receive them! Such a school will come, and the sooner the better. No one who is at all keen eyed can fail to see that.

As Father Purcell used to say, "It isn't the public schools we fear, but the Godless school," and surely in these days God is relegated to the farthest back ground, in the plan of secular teaching; the young and impressionable minds of children being crowded with every branch of knowledge, save knowledge of God. He has no place in the education of today; and every one knows how little respect a child has, for anything that is shoved into the back ground of his thoughts. Young impressions are always the most lasting; and, if knowledge of God, and reverence for His teaching is

not imparted in youth, 'tis safe to say, it will be a most difficult task to impart it later on.

> "'Tis education forms the common mind;
> Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

An historic event which must not be passed over, was that of the G. A. R. memorial services at St. Joseph's in May, 1896. It has been the custom for years, that each church in town should, in turn, invite the G. A. R. posts to attend special services, the Sunday evening before Decoration Day. In May, 1896, St. Joseph's opened its doors and honored the dead heroes of the Union in a way long to be remembered. Although slow in taking up any custom, the Catholic Church makes up for delay, by the whole heartedness of her approval, when such custom proves itself a wise and good one. The Church is always loth to mingle with secular affairs; but such a cause as Patriotism is a holy thing; and, when it is *true* patriotism and not sectional prejudice, that is to be honored, then none is so cordial as she in her approval and welcome. This was proven that memorable evening, when her sanctuary was all aglow with the national colors; the very pinacles of her altar, bearing the fluttering folds of the stars and stripes—the Cross alone being exalted above them. A hundred flags were used in the decorations, which were considered "the handsomest of the kind ever seen in the city," being "draped and arranged with rare artistic skill." The flags were, many of them, silk,—all the others being new; which contributed largely to the beautiful effect of brilliant coloring, that handsome palms softened into elegance, by their rich and graceful dark green foliage. Hundreds of wax

lights gleamed like stars upon the altar, which was radiant with them from cornice to base—the various candelabra designs, giving a dazzling sky like effect; whilst odorous flowers, twining smilax and pumy ferns, gave still greater beauty to the magnificent scene. High over all, a white dove spread its peaceful wings, the day being that of Pentecost.

To the G. A. R. men, this beauty was a revelation and a delight, which was expressed afterwards in words of enthusiasm — grateful indeed to Catholic ears and hearts.

That G. A. R. evening at St. Joseph's marked an era in its history; for it did more to unite Pittsfield's citizens, and prove the patriotism of Catholics, than all the speeches or words that could ever be uttered.

The Church was packed, of course,—the centre aisles being reserved for the G. A. R. men, who turned out with full ranks attended by the Ladies Relief Corps. The musical programme of national airs and hymns was finely rendered by the choir, under Prof. McSweeney's direction—the climax, being the singing of "America" at the close of the services—the entire congregation joining in. Never before in Pittsfield was seen such a sight, nor heard such a mighty volume of song as that night made St. Joseph's lofty vault ring with tremendous melody; and wrote the event a glorious one in the hearts and memories of the people! Protestants and Catholics, priests in their sacred vestments and thronging people, lifted their voices in that great union of song, which told of their union of hearts in the great cause of Country; and over them all, was the perfume of incense floating upwards like a prayer, and the white winged dove, symbol of peace, and, best

of all, the blessing of God! for He was there "in the midst," rejoicing and glad on His tabernacle throne, whence His benediction fell upon that great multitude of united brethren. 'Twas a great event, indeed; and every heart was glad, and every step was light, as the

Rev. T. H. McLaughlin.

great throng wended its way outwards with a medley of national airs following them in the organ tones, as they pealed forth in a last inspiration of song.

All the honor of this great event, is due to the patriotic spirit of Rev. T. H. McLaughlin who was then acting pastor, in the absence of Rev. Father Smith, who cordially gave his consent to the demon-

stration, regretting that his ill health kept him from being present. Father Smith was in the South at the time, having been absent some months. The sermon was preached by Father McLaughlin and was full of the fire and patriotism which is a marked characteristic of Father "Mac," who never failed to put his whole heart into whatever work he set his hand to do.

This zealous priest was made pastor at Huntington in December, 1896; Pittsfield losing a staunch citizen and friend, and the Catholics a faithful and devoted priest. Father "Mac" was "without fear and without reproach;" a man whose eleven years of life in Pittsfield had been indeed "an open book," upon whose pages no blot was found and which the world might read; for in Father McLaughlin's character there is honestly and integrity, and, therefore, no sealed pages or hidden meanings.

Rev. T. H. McLaughlin was born at Clinton, Mass., January 1st, 1861. After finishing in the public schools, he went to Boston College where he graduated in 1882, going thence to Ottawa University. After studying theology at Montreal, he was ordained to the priesthood at St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, December 19th, 1885. He was immediately assigned to Pittsfield, as assistant to Father Purcell, where he remained for eleven years, until made pastor at Huntington at the ending of 1896.

Our present pastor, Rev. T. M. Smith, was born in County of Cavan, Ireland, November 15th, 1849, and received his classical education in the College of Kilmore. He came to America and for two years studied theology in Baltimore, Md. Whilst there his health failed, and, his medical advisers deeming it wise for him

to return to Ireland, he did so, finishing his studies at Carlow College. His health was now restored; therefore he returned to America, his chosen field of labor, and was ordained at Springfield Cathedral October 14th, 1875, being then appointed to Palmer as assistant to Rev. Francis Lynch. He was transferred to North Adams in September, 1875, there to remain as curate until his appointment to Greenfield as pastor in 1881. He remained at Greenfield until September, 1883, when he was transferred to the pastorate of Lee, which position he held until his appointment to Pittsfield in 1891.

Rev. T. M. Smith, has won the respect and love of the people wherever he has been stationed as curate or as pastor,—and that is the best testimony of his worth. Since coming to Pittsfield his health has made his life an almost continuous martyrdom, forcing him to leave the other hands much of the active work, his own would gladly do, if his health permitted. Yet, in spite of his well nigh constant suffering and many afflictions, he has accomplished the great work of building St. Joseph's Convent—his business skill and rare management enabling him to well nigh liquidate the debt of thirty thousand dollars without a solitary appeal to his people, the receipts of the Fair, held recently going to furnish the Convent and grade its grounds.

The present pastor of St. Joseph's, though little known to the people personally, is loved, trusted and honored by them universally, for his kindness, his business qualifications, and true fatherliness. He is what they call a "just man," and an exemplary priest. Surely, greater esteem than this no man can desire, for it is the *summum bonum* to a good priest's heart!

He is ably assisted in the great care of St. Joseph's parish by Rev. J. M. Kenny as first assistant, with Rev. John A. Fitzgerald and Rev. John J. Bell as aids.

Rev. J. M. Kenny was born at Clinton, Mass., where he received his early education, graduating from Holy Cross College in 1884, after which he went to Montreal

Rev. J. M. Kenny.

for a course in theology, being ordained in that city in December, 1887. He was stationed at Leicester, Mass., for three years, coming to Pittsfield in December, 1890. Father Kenny has won for himself hosts of friends by his genial ways and kindly disposition.

Rev. John A. Fitzgerald was born at Greenfield, Mass., where he received his first education in the

public schools. He studied his theology at Montreal, being ordained at St. Sulpice in 1890. For five years afterwards he was stationed at Holy Rosary Church, South Boston, coming to Pittsfield as curate at St. Joseph's in December, 1895.

Rev. J. J. Bell.

Rev. John J. Bell was born at Leicester, Mass., where he graduated from the public schools. Afterwards he studied philosophy in Montreal, going to Baltimore for a theological course. He was ordained at Springfield Cathedral in 1891, and afterwards took the University course at Washington, being appointed to St. Francis de Sales' Church, Roxbury, Mass., soon afterwards. Father Bell remained at this church for five years.

coming to Pittsfield as successor to Father McLaughlin in January, 1897.

Father Smith purchased of the city of Pittsfield on August 1st, 1895, the old Melville street school property, which gives to St. Joseph's Convent grounds the entire space between North and North Pearl streets, making St. Joseph's one of the finest church properties in New England.

Rev. John T. Sheehan.

As a fitting close to Pittsfield Church history a quintette of its "boys" who became priests is presented.

A QUINTETTE OF PRIESTLY PITTSFIELD "BOYS."

Rev. John T. Sheehan was born in Worcester, but lived in Pittsfield from boyhood. He studied at Mon-

treal and was ordained in Pittsfield in May, 1875. He is at present pastor of the French at Ware, Mass.

Rev. Daniel J. Sheehan, his brother, graduated and was ordained at Montreal in 1892. He is located at Easthampton, Mass., as curate to Rev. Richard H. Walsh, a former assistant at St. Joseph's in 1878.

Rev. Daniel J. Sheehan.

Rev. Thomas S. Hanrahan was born in Albany, N. Y., but came in early boyhood to Pittsfield, where his father, Patrick Hanrahan, located in 1876-7. Father Hanrahan studied at Alleghany, N. Y., Canada, and Baltimore, Md. He was ordained at Chicopee, Mass.,

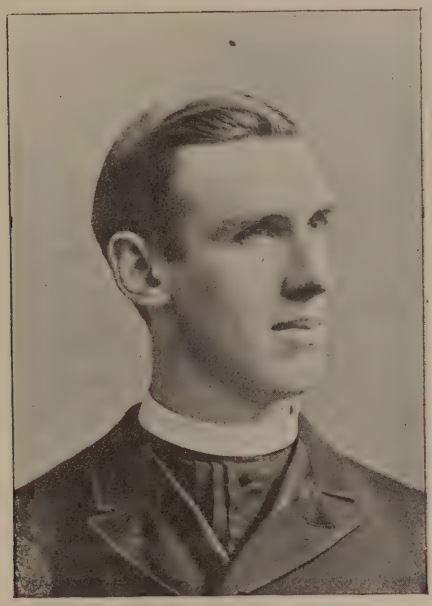
in 1883. He was assigned to Greenfield soon after, where he served for a number of years, being transferred to St. Paul's, Worcester, where he remained until last year, being made pastor at West Fitchburgh

Rev. T. H. Hanrahan.

in the latter part of 1896. Father Hanrahan's Sanctuary Choir at St. Paul's was considered one of the best in the state.

Rev. John F. Conlin was born in Pittsfield, October 2nd, 1866. He graduated from the High School as Valedictorian of his class in June, 1884. He then went to St. Charles' College, Maryland, and after fin-

ishing at that institution entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained in December, 1891, at Springfield Cathedral, with a number of others. This ordination was the last official act of the late Bishop O'Reilly. Father Conlin then spent a year at Washington University after which he was appointed as



Rev. J. F. Conlin.

assistant at Webster, Massachusetts, where he remained a year, being then transferred to Holy Rosary Church, Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he is at present located.

Father Conlin is the only native of Pittsfield who has ever become a priest.

Rev. James L. McSweeney was born at Claremount, N. H., September 17th, 1865. Four years later his family removed to Pittsfield where they have since lived. After finishing in the public schools, Father McSweeney studied at St. Charles college, Ellicott City, Md., where he graduated in 1890. He then entered St. Mary's seminary at Baltimore, where he

Rev. J. L. McSweeney.

studied theology and was ordained in 1895. His first Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's, Pittsfield. A short time afterwards he went to Chestertown, Md., where he entered at once, upon pastoral duties, and still resides.

Another Pittsfield "boy" whose name slipped our memory until too late, is Rev. John Daly, located at

present at Springfield Cathedral, a good picture of whom it was impossible to get in time for publication. Father Daly was ordained in 1872 celebrating recently his "silver" anniversary.

This finishes the Church history, we believe, in Pittsfield. If anything has been left out or forgotten, it was not done intentionally. That the work could have been done better is beyond question, had others better qualified taken up the burden; but, as no one was willing to shoulder the responsibility, the "cloak" of the historian has fallen upon one who feels its weight most heavily and understands, perhaps, more keenly than any one else, her own limitations and lack of power; her own deficiencies and shortcomings, in striving to perform a work of such grave consequence as the writing of history.

To the kindly judgment, then, of my readers, I commend my book, claiming nothing for it but an honest purpose, leaving to their charity the covering up of its faults and imperfections—which, no doubt, are many.

Before beginning the next chapter of parish sketches, which are indeed meagre, the limitations of this work forbidding any greater elaboration, credit and thanks must be duly given The Sacred Heart Review, and Father Mathew Herald of Boston, Springfield Tribune, and Mr. H. T. Oatman of the Springfield Republican, for the use of nearly all the half-tone cuts used in the book. These were loaned with a courteous kindness that has done much to lessen the burden of History under which the writer oft'times stumbled, in discour-

agement. To Major Charles Plunkett of the "Sun" Company and Mr. Gerst the gentlemanly foreman of the printing department, I must ever feel grateful, for the interest taken, and courtesy and kindliness shown. All these kindly acts mark a golden path across the tangle of dark difficulties which beset the work and upon which memory will gratefully linger as the years roll on.

CHAPTER XV.

CATHOLIC BERKSHIRE.

RETROSPECT. CATHOLIC NORTH ADAMS, ADAMS, AND WILLIAMSTOWN, GREAT BARRINGTON, LEE, STOCKBRIDGE, WEST STOCKBRIDGE, HINSDALE, DALTON AND LENOX. A MARVELOUS RELIGIOUS GROWTH.

OOKING backward over the chain of years which link the present with the past, of the Catholic Church in Berkshire, the long vista of sixty-five years presents many wonders to the thoughtful mind, not apparent to the public generally. It has been the steady, quiet up-growing of a great tree—unperceived and wonderful—and only to be understood by comparing its slender beginnings with the vast dimensions of its present growth. Or it has been like the tiny mountain spring gushing up quietly from among the moss and stones of its rocky bed, to form a shallow, trickling rill of water that further down becomes a gurgling rivulet, and later on a stream, and then a majestic river, floating onwards to the sea.

The church, but a seed in 1832, has become a mighty tree in 1897. Catholicity, but a drop in those early days, has become a great river tide among the Berkshire Hills!

As only fitting, we give sketches of the Berkshire Missions of 1848; now grown into vast parishes, almost rivaling, in some instances, the growth of Catholicity in Pittsfield—from whose Mother Church they have all sprang.

Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven.

Think that in 1832 there were but two Catholics in Pittsfield and scarcely more than that in all Berkshire—now in Pittsfield alone there are nearly ten thousand. In 1844 there was but one Catholic Church in all the County, now there are twenty-two. In 1848, one priest was pastor of Berkshire, now thirty priests are not enough for its spiritual demands!

In 1870, a new diocese was necessary, in order that this vast fold might be tended more carefully, and we take pleasure in being able to give an excellent picture of him who is at present Chief Shepherd of the Berkshire Catholics, Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, before proceeding to sketch with very faint touches indeed, Catholic Berkshire.

Truly, must the thoughtful mind exclaim, when viewing this wondrous growth of Catholicity among the Hills of Berkshire: "This is the work of God!" for only He hath power to work such marvels as this.

NORTH ADAMS.

The "Tunnel City" of America, thrifty, thriving, energetic and prosperous, rock-bound North Adams, was the second village of Berkshire to be made a Catholic parish center, with Adams and Williamstown as missions and Rev. Charles E. Lynch as first pastor—appointed in January, 1863.

What Father Lynch accomplished in North Adams by his energy and zeal, can only be expressed by the word "wonderful!" When he became its pastor, it was rocky soil, indeed, for the planting of Catholicity; but the desert was made to bloom under his fostering care. It was said, "that he did more towards making it a law-abiding community, than legislatures and public

officers." He was a power in the land; a power that was irresistible and overwhelming, in its moral force; for he subdued the most lawless and rendered docile as lambs, the most vicious of the wild set of "tunnelers," who flocked into this mountain village, during the years when the great "Hoosac" was boring its way through the rocky mountain's heart.

Father Lynch was a born ruler of men; but, under the firm disciplinarian exterior, beat one of the kindliest hearts that ever throbbed under a priest's cassock. He was full of Celtic tenderness, loving his people with the full force of his strong nature, and ever a true father, cherishing, even whilst he punished them.

When he died it was a shock to the whole community; for the people respected, trusted, aye! and *rested* upon his strength and kindliness. He died of paralysis, in the very prime of life, being but fifty-three years of age, having spent twenty-one years of active service at North Adams, the mountain city of the Berkshires. Heroic labor and excessive mental anxiety brought upon this zealous priest, that stealthy destroyer of active lives; and he died, a few days after its iron fingers clutched him, breathing forth his brave soul on the 30th of May, 1883; respected by all as was testified in public honors paid him;—all business being suspended the day of his funeral and St. Francis' Church far too small to hold the thousands who came to pay their last tribute of honor to its dead pastor.

This Church, finished in 1869, as we have elsewhere related, is a great monument to Father Lynch's zeal; and, if his humble wishes were carried out, it would be the only one to stand above him—as his last request was, that St. Francis Church should be his sole monu-

St. Francis' Church, North Adams.

ment. His loving people, however, were not content that their good father should lie without the usual testimony of affectionate remembrance marking his grave, therefore, a granite memorial stands above him, as a tribute to his memory.

Rev. Charles E. Burke.

Father Charles Lynch was born November 2nd, 1830, in County Cavan, Ireland, and was ordained June 28th, 1858. He was appointed to Pittsfield, as assistant in 1860–1, and made pastor at North Adams in 1863. He died May 30th, 1883.

His successor is Rev. Charles E. Burke, formerly rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield. He is assisted by Rev. Fathers Flynn and Donnelly.

The Church of Notre Dame, begun in 1873, was completed in 1888. Its first pastor was Rev. Charles Crevier, who was appointed pastor of the French at

Rev. Louis Le Duc.

North Adams in 1871. He, it was, who began this handsome church, but to his successor, Rev. Louis Le Duc, is due the honor of its completion.

Father Le Duc succeeded Father Crevier in 1886, and soon made himself beloved by all for his earnest piety, active zeal and kindly charity. He died in May,

1893, of a protracted illness, which had made him a sufferer for years. His successor is Rev. C. H. Jeannotte, a man respected by everyone.

St. Francis' Convent, North Adams.

A flourishing parochial school exists in both of these five parishes, the Sisters of St. Anne being in charge of the French School and the Sisters of St. Joseph of St. Francis'.

Father Burke established these Sisters in his parish soon after his arrival at North Adams, and his special work has been the founding and supervision of the parochial school under their care, a work to which his whole soul is given, and whose success is his greatest joy.

WILLIAMSTOWN.

Classic Williamstown, with its clustering village of college buildings, lies at the Northern base of Greylock, like a lovely child prone at the feet of a kindly giant. No where does this mountain king proclaim his majesty as at Williamstown; for here he lifts his lofty head most grandly—as though with conscious pride at his own sovereignty. To the right and left, the lesser hills seem to flee away with humbled crowns, from the presence of such majesty; whilst the lovely valley smiles beneath, as if in loving deference to this mighty king which rules the Berkshires.

Here, too, the Catholic Church has found a lasting home, amid a kindly, large hearted people. Never have we known of bigotry in Williamstown,—and never expect to know of it. Perhaps that is due to the wider culture which the college has brought to its people as well as to the uplifting and broadening influences of surrounding hills and valleys; whatsoever it may have been, that has made Williamstown a friendly spot for Catholicity to grow in, certain it is, that naught but friendliness has been its portion in this lovely village.

The first Catholic Church was a remodelled Protestant meeting house, which was bought by Father Lynch of North Adams, and which served for many years the

modest needs of the small congregation. Now, however, two Catholic Churches exist in this growing town, and two resident pastors here reside; for the French have their own place of worship, as well as their Irish brethren. Both of these Churches are of recent building, and very handsome ones they are.

Rev. M. A. O'Sullivan.

The first Catholic resident pastor was Rev. Edward D. Casey, who was succeeded by Rev. M. A. O'Sullivan. Father O'Sullivan was transferred to South Deerfield at the end of 1896, and Rev. J. J. Fallon of Huntington became pastor of St. Patrick's parish.

The first resident pastor of the French, was Rev. Father Marcoux, transferred from Adams, where he had served faithfully for a long time as curate to Rev. Father Charboneau. Early in the year he was transferred to Indian Orchard Rev. Father Beaudoin taking his place in Williamstown.

GREAT BARRINGTON.

"I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between."

Such is lovely Great Barrington as seen by the poet-eyes of Bryant, which were ever discovering new beauties amongst the hills and dales of Southern Berkshire.

There, "Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek."

Great Barrington, sung of in song and celebrated in story, was one of the first of Berkshire villages to uprear the Catholic cross, St. Peter's Church being built in 1854 by Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, who has ever felt for this southern Berkshire town the utmost affection. "'Tis a beautiful spot," said he to the writer, "and I have often thought I would like to spend my last days amid its loveliness."

For ten years after it was built it remained a mission church; being attended from Pittsfield and Lee, until 1864, when it was made a parish with Rev. Father Menietti as first resident pastor. He was succeeded

by Rev. C. F. Grace in 1868, being followed by Rev. P. Eagen in 1872, who was likewise succeeded by Rev. James Hennessy in September, 1873. Father Hennessy continued in the pastorate until his death in 1883.

The next pastor of St. Peter's was Rev. John H. Murphy, who retained the charge for nine years—when he was made pastor at Lee on the removal of Rev. T. M. Smith to St. Joseph's, Pittsfield, in 1892.

Rev. David Moyes then became pastor at Great Barrington, being succeeded in 1895, by Rev. Martin Murphy.

Father Murphy, a younger brother of Rev. John Murphy of Lee, was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, and was educated at the college of Waterford, where he was ordained in June, 1884. He was stationed as assistant in Chicopee Falls and Westfield successively, and was appointed pastor of Cordaville in October, 1892. In October, 1893, he became pastor of Oxford, where he remained until called to Great Barrington.

Great Barrington was the home of Rev. Richard J. McHugh, the poet-priest of Berkshire, who lies buried beside St. Peter's Church. Father McHugh was one of Berkshire's gifted children of song, his harp being silenced too soon for its rare, sweet music, to be heard far abroad in the world, as its melody would have been, had this gifted life been permitted a longer term of existence. In proof of this no greater testimony can be given than these exquisite lines:

TO A ROSE.

"Fragrant wonder! lovely rose!
Music turned to bloom!
In thy petals I can see
Life with all its mystery,
Death with all its gloom.

To mine eyes thy leaves disclose
All the worthlessness of earth,
All the brevity of mirth
And my final doom.
Joy's poor triumph, sorrow's throes
All are in thee, lovely rose.

Crimson song! O lovely rose!
Witchery of June!
Sweetly singest thou to me
Hopes of immortality
When life's work is done.
From thy sleep beneath the snows,
With an all-surpassing might
Didst thou spring to life and light
At the robbin's tune,
Earthly shadows, heavenly glows.
All are in thee, lovely rose."

Father McHugh was born near Dublin, Ireland, but came to this country in his infancy. His family first settled in Pittsfield, but afterwards moved to Great Barrington. Here he graduated from the public schools and afterwards from Holy Cross College, Worcester. He then spent three years at the University at Insprunk, Austria. He was ordained priest in Europe in 1889, returning afterwards to America. He served as curate at Manchester, N. H., for two years, and was then appointed to a professorship at St. Mary's College, Burlington, Vt. In the discharge of priestly duties he met his death, contracting pneumonia while attending a sick call at St. Albans, Vt., dying at Great Barrington. The present assistants at St. Peter's are Rev. William H. Adrain and Rev. Thomas A. McGovern.

Father Adrain was born at Leicester, Mass., was educated at Montreal, and ordained in December, 1891. He served as assistant at Worcester, Leominster and

Webster before being appointed to Great Barrington.

Father McGovern was born at Worcester, graduating in that city from Holy Cross College in 1891, and was ordained at Montreal in December, 1894. After a short time at Syracuse, he was appointed second assistant at St. Peter's.

St. Bridget's Church at Housatonic was built by Father Hennessy in 1877, and the Sheffield church was built by Rev. John H. Murphy, the one at Mill River being erected by Father Menietti.

ADAMS.

Adams, seated at the foot of Massachusetts Mountain King, snow crowned Greylock, has many things to make her proud indeed. The President of the United States has been her guest; some of the largest manufacturing interests in the United States are hers; and two handsome Catholic Churches stand close neighbors on her main street. Old St. Charles' Church was formerly a meeting house, Rev. Charles Lynch of North Adams, purchasing it of the Protestants and improving it for the use of the Catholics. Until this year of 1897 the old church, bought many years ago, has not been replaced by a finer one, but now handsome St. Thomas' affords an elegant place of worship for Adams Catholics.

The first resident pastor of Catholic Adams, was Rev. E. P. McCort, a kindly gentleman and most pious priest. Father McCort was a man of culture and refinement, with a heart as simple as a little child's, and a manner of singular sweetness. His short life in Adams won the esteem of the entire community, it was so full of charity and of gentle, but earnest piety. His

St. Thomas' Church, Adams.

death was a real affliction to his people for they loved him as only Irish hearts can love a good priest, and a good priest Father McCort truly was! A severe cold terminated in a fatal fever and after about a month's sickness he died, regretted by everyone, but mourned as a true father by his congregation.

Rev. Dennis C. Moran.

During his feverish mental ramblings he was ever with his people—advising and exhorting them unto ways of goodness—or else the parched lips were singing the Mass, in such tones of fervor, that all present wept tears of uncontrolable emotion. When he died,

he had nothing to leave to any one but his beautiful memory a painting of the Crucifixion, and a few personal trinkets of little value. "This is one of the marks of true priesthood," said one of his brother priests in eulogy, "that he had nothing of earthly goods to bestow."

Father McCort was succeeded by Rev. Dennis Moran, the present pastor, who has just built the handsome church of St. Thomas'. The Adams church is still unfinished, the basement only being in service as yet. The electric lighting of this basement is admirable, that about the altars particularly so, as the globes are placed so as to throw the full radiance of the electric glow directly upon the altars, making them a dazzling sight and the centers of attraction. The statuary of this church is specially fine, a life-like St. Thomas and a "Pieta" group being more than ordinarily artistic.

The assistants to Father Moran are Rev. M. J. Coyne and Rev. Father McGrath.

Notre Dame des Douleurs, the church of the French Catholics, occupies a handsome site on the main street. A triangular plot between branching thoroughfares, giving an imposing and beautiful frontage to this fine edifice. The French may well be proud of their handsome church property, for it is the most beautiful that could be chosen in the whole of Adams. Its first pastor was Rev. Father Charboneau, a most zealous and pious priest. He it was who built Notre Dame des Douleurs and its handsome parochial house.

Rev. Father Triganne, former pastor of Notre Dame, Pittsfield, is Father Charboneau's successor. A parochial school and convent are to be built in the near future, which will make the French parish of Adams

Church of Notre Dame des Douleurs, Adams.

one of the most complete in the diocese, and a source of honorable pride to this energetic pastor and enterprising congregation.

The Church of the Assumption at Cheshire is attended by the priests of St. Thomas' parish, whose mission it is. The Cheshire church was built by Rev. E. H. Purcell.

LEE.

In 1856, St. Mary's Church at Lee, was built by Father Cuddihy, as stated in his annals, and, in the same year, was cut off from Pittsfield's missions and made a parish by itself, with Rev. Peter Eagen as first resident pastor. At Father Eagen's death in 1864, Rev. George H. Brennan succeeded him in the pastorate, which he resigned in 1883, returning to his home in Ireland.

St. Mary's third pastor was Rev. T. M. Smith, present pastor of St. Joseph's, Pittsfield. During Father Smith's pastorate, parochial schools were built and a community of Sisters of St. Joseph from Chambery, France, was given in charge of them. Lee has the proud distinction of being the first parish in Southern Berkshire to have parochial schools,—which honor is largely due to the zeal and generosity of Miss Jane Sedgwick, a sketch of whose life we give elsewhere. She, it was, whose influence brought the good Sisters to Lee. Father Smith giving up the parochial house, as a convent for their use, and welcoming them into his parish with the cordial kindness, for which he is noted.

The Sisters have made a signal success of the schools in charge, proving to every ones' satisfaction, that

parochial schools achieve ever far better results than the public schools, in many ways.

Not alone as teachers have the Sisters won public favor; their charity in visiting the sick, and comforting the afflicted, has established them in every heart as angels of pity and living exemplars of Christ-like

Rev. J. H. Murphy.

sweetness. The little community of six Sisters has increased gradually, until now there are six houses of the order in America—located at Hartford, New Hartford, Danielsonville and Waterbury, Conn., and at Northampton, Mass. Their novitiate was started, temporarily, at Lee, but is now located at Hartford,

where a fine country residence has been purchased in one of the suburbs for the purposes of a Mother House. The new hospital, just opened in that city, is likewise in charge of the "Lee Sisters," who are assisted by a corps of trained nurses, graduates of our House of Mercy Training School at Pittsfield.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Tierney is giving his special care to the growth of the order in his diocese; and his fatherly interest will find abundant reward in the faithfulness of these good Sisters, whose virtues make them loved, in a special manner, wheresoever they are placed.

Rev. John H. Murphy, St. Mary's present pastor, was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1853. He was educated at Waterford University where he was ordained in 1878. Coming soon thereafter to this country, he was appointed as assistant to his uncle, Very Rev. Patrick Healy, V. G., at Chicopee. He was made pastor at Great Barrington in 1883, and was transferred to Lee in 1892. His assistant Rev. John J. Mullen was born in Galway, Ireland; was educated at Montreal and ordained in December, 1889. He served at Clinton and Milford before coming to Lee in 1893.

STOCKBRIDGE AND WEST STOCKBRIDGE.

Aristocratic, exclusive, cultured Stockbridge! Beautiful, restful, elm-shaded Stockbridge! Stockbridge of the peaceful red man in days of yore, and home of peace in these days of ours, when all the world is at war with itself, and peacefulness is rarely to be found, and that rest for which weary souls pineth! But here in this serene old town, quiet with the calm that true

culture ever imparts, even wealth finds rest and fashion has no abiding place; the magnificent harmony of nature drowning the ignoble buzzings of worldliness; silencing by its mighty music the strident voices of nether aspirations. All about this lovely home of cultured people is spread the loveliness of Berkshire's most lovely valley—guarded by those "grim sentinels," the hills. Above, the mountains to which legends thickly cling, like the lichened mosses to their craggy frontlets.

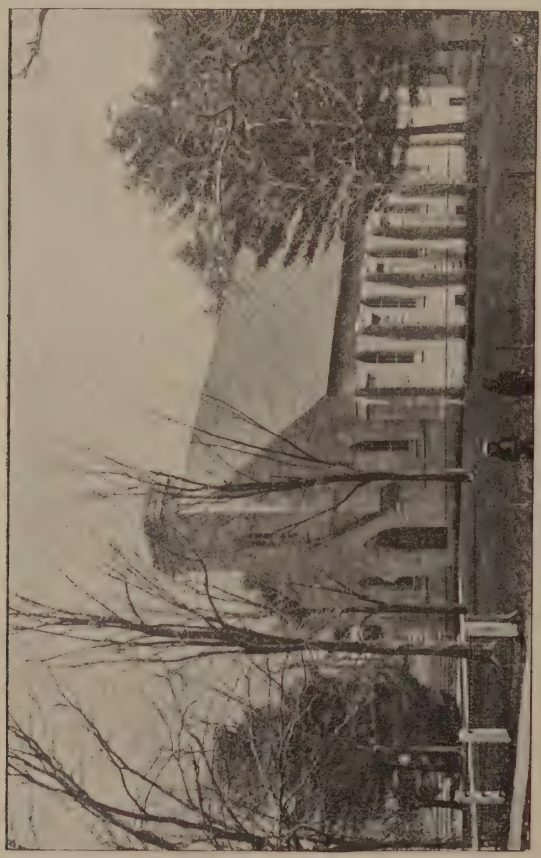
"There, as thou standest,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings."

No wonder indeed that in lovely Stockbridge cultured people love to dwell amid "The beauty and the majesty of earth" that here abound.

Years ago, to this charming old town came a wealthy Catholic lady for the quiet spending of a summer time. Among its old inhabitants no family was so honored as the Sedgwick;—made famous by the literary gifts of Catherine Sedgwick, one of its members.

A niece of Miss Catherine Sedgwick resided in Stockbridge at the time. A woman of rare culture and more than ordinary intellect. Her wide reading and deep thinking on religious subjects had shattered her belief in existing religions as she knew them, the Catholic faith being a closed book to her.

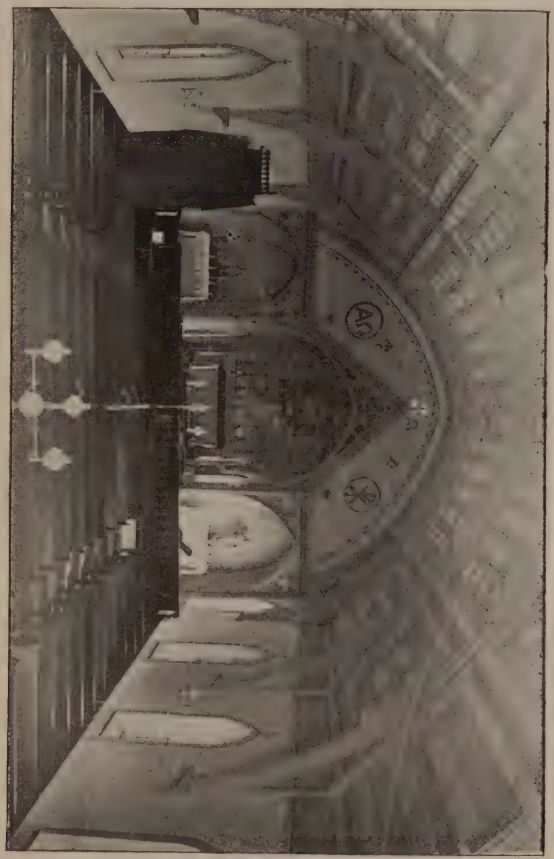
The stranger Catholic and she became acquainted, and a visit to Boston afterward resulted. A chance hearing of a sermon by Bishop Fitzpatrick—a long



St. Joseph's Church, Stockbridge.

course of reading on Catholic faith and doctrines, followed by due instruction—and Miss Jane Sedgwick became a Catholic; the most notable convert to the faith in all of Berkshire. It was the cause of much

excitement, of course, that a member of this old family should "go over to Rome;" but, like all other nine-day wonders, it subsided somewhat after a time and the



INTERIOR ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, STOCKBRIDGE.

absence of "Miss Jane," had permitted other interests to supersede it.

Miss Sedgwick spent much of her life, thereafter, in Europe, residing for a long time at Rome, her intel-

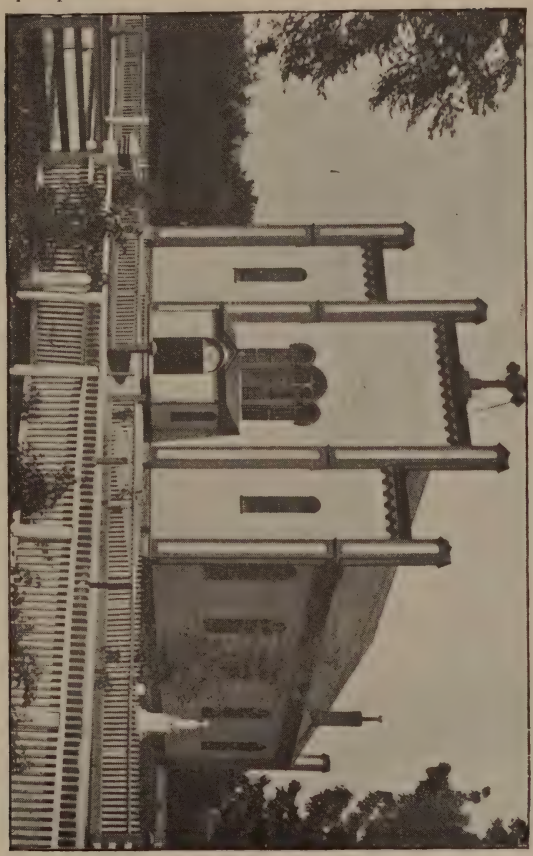
lect and culture making her a most influential personage indeed. She lived solely for the glory of the church whose faith she had embraced, spending her time and money freely in charitable works and the advancement of Catholicity in Berkshire.

Rev. J. F. Mahar.

To her influence and zeal is largely due the building of St. Joseph's Church on Elm street, close to whose gray wall she lies buried.

The corner stone of this Church was laid by that noted convert Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, a special friend of Miss Sedgwick's. The beautiful picture of the

Holy Family above the altar is also a gift of this generous hearted woman who brought it from Rome for the purpose.



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, WEST STOCKBRIDGE.

The simplicity of that grassy grave "without the walls" typifies in its unadorned plainness, the humbleness of Miss Sedgwick's character; for to rest beside the gray walls of St. Joseph's was all she asked in return for her zeal and generosity.

There she rests in peace, beside the church of her adopted faith; in the home of her fathers; with Berkshire Hills keeping "giant watch and ward" about her

Interior St. Patrick's Church, West Stockbridge.

humble resting place. Another Sedgwick and convert, Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed, is likewise buried in Stockbridge.

St. Joseph's Church was built in 1860, Rev. Peter Eagen of Lee being at that time its pastor. It is now a mission of West Stockbridge.

St. Patrick's Church at West Stockbridge was built in 1869 by Rev. George H. Brennan of Lee under whose jurisdiction this parish then was.

Its first resident pastor was Rev. John J. O'Loughlin, a priest much loved by the people; his generous hearted kindliness, humble piety and gentle ways, winning the warm hearted people of West Stockbridge to instant love. When he died in 1874 his people were heart stricken with grief, nor have they ceased to mourn the loss of this good man and devoted priest, whose short pastorate brought them so many blessings and well nigh complete happiness.

He was succeeded by Rev. Michael Carroll who built the present parochial residence. Rev. John T. Madden was made pastor in August, 1885, remaining in charge until transferred to a larger pastorate, at Webster, Mass. Rev. James F. Mahar the present pastor was born in Clinton, Massachusetts, in 1851; was graduated from Holy Cross College in 1880 and ordained at Troy, December 22nd, 1883. He was assistant at Adams for nine years, before his appointment to West Stockbridge in November, 1892.

HINSDALE AND DALTON.

St. Patrick's Church at Hinsdale was built in 1852, by Father Cuddihy, continuing to be a mission of Pittsfield until 1868, when Father Romano was made its first resident pastor. In 1872 Rev. P. V. Moyes succeeded him, to be in turn succeeded by Rev. P. J. Sheehan at the end of the same year. In May, 1873,

Rev. Patrick McManus was appointed pastor at the death of Father Sheehan, Rev. John Daly being made pastor two years later in May, 1875. The present pastor, Rev. D. F. Cronin, took charge of the parish in July, 1876.

Rev. D. F. Cronin.

Father Cronin was educated at Holy Cross College and Montreal, being ordained in the latter place in December, 1872. After spending four years at North Brookfield he came to Hinsdale.

Rev. James M. Prendergast, Father Cronin's assistant, was born in Holden, Mass., graduated from Holy Cross in 1880, and after taking his theological course

at Montreal was ordained at St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, December 19, 1885. He was stationed at Easthampton two years, at Blackstone three years and

St. Agnes' Church, Dalton.

a half, and at Clinton four years, coming to Hinsdale in December, 1894.

St. Agnes' pretty Gothic church in Dalton was built by Father Cronin in 1882–83, at a cost of seventeen

thousand dollars. It is the prettiest church of its size in the county and beautifully located on the handsomest street of this enterprising town. Not many years distant Dalton, too, will be a parish by itself, the growing prosperity and number of the Catholic population demanding it. The fine church property will afford ample room for a parochial residence, and, when that day comes, which brings them a resident pastor, he will find a most generous congregation awaiting him, for the Catholics of Dalton are markedly a large-hearted and kindly people. The Protestants of this progressive village have been most friendly and helpful to their Catholic neighbors. Among the most generous donors to the building of St. Agnes' the names of the Messrs. Crane, Hon. Byron Weston and Messrs. Carson and Brown, must stand pre-eminent; as the last named gentlemen gave the ground for the church, Hon. Byron Weston the bell, and the Messrs. Crane one thousand dollars as a first donation towards the building of the church. So generous have Dalton people been, that almost the entire debt of seventeen thousand dollars was paid at the time of the dedication of St. Agnes'!

Pretty Dalton, with its wide sweep of valley and elevated location, is no abiding place for bigotry as the minds of the people partake of the natural conditions of their surroundings and are broad, genial and lofty;—an atmosphere, surely, that is uncongenial for such swamp blooms as bigotry.

One of the most recent additions made to the interior beauty of St. Agnes' is an exquisite statue of the girl-martyr who is its patron, this being the gift of Father Cronin, a pastor who is respected by every one for his quiet kindliness and solid culture.

LENOX.

The very word "Lenox" conjures dazzling visions of wealth and splendor, this mountain town being the essence of both, during the leafy glory of the summer and the brief magnificence of our golden autumn.

Here dwell many multi-millionaires in regal grandeur; the pomp and pageantry of Fashion's "Four Hundred" making this quiet hamlet a kind of fairy kingdom during its long "season" of rusticating festivities, which begins with the buds of spring and only ends at Christmas time.

The Solomon-like splendors of Lenox cottagers are world renowned, but what are they all in comparison with the sublimely beautiful pageantry of Nature spreading everywhere about them! Beside the grandeur of the evening hills, whereon is painted the magnificence of a glorious sunset, what are these mushroom residences of transitory men? and what their most dazzling raiment, to the gorgeous robes of gold and scarlet that deck the graceful loveliness of hill and dale with nature's regal splendor?

Here, too, amid the pomps and vanities of human things, the Catholic Cross is seen—a silent rebuke to all this worldliness and worshiping of Mammon!

St. Anne's was built by Rev. G. H. Brennan in 1873, and was made a parish church in 1891, Rev. William J. Dower being the first resident pastor.

Rev. Father Dower was born in East Cambridge in 1858, was educated at the Worcester High School, Holy Cross College and Montreal Seminary. He was ordained at Springfield in December, 1882. After a few months at Worcester, the rest of his life, as curate, was spent at Holyoke.

Since coming to Lenox, he has built a new parochial house and opened a cemetery, which was dedicated a short time after his appointment as pastor. Father Dower possesses business ability, tact and prudence, as well as the priestly qualities of piety, earnestness and zeal; a combination of gifts which has won the esteem

Rev. W. J. Dower.

of his people, in a marked degree, and their entire confidence as well.

Before St. Anne's humble but tasteful altars, the rich kneel side by side with the poor; worshiping in that union of faith never found outside the Catholic Church; a union which levels all distinction, making

for the time being, Dives and Lazarus brothers, in thought, word and deed—as well as side companions in a common devotion.

In summer time it is stylish, select Lenox; but, when Winter rules the Berkshires and his icy power paralyzes the mountain brooks, and his mantle of snow covers all the radiant beauty of hill and dale, it is Catholic Lenox. St. Anne's congregation giving the quiet streets their sole animation as the faithful come flocking from the mountain sides and glens, for the Sunday Mass; which no storm or frost can keep them from attending during bitterest winter weather. No where are there more generous hearted people than Lenox Catholics, nor a more kindly dispositioned congregation than St. Anne's!

As far back as 1853 these energetic Catholics wanted to build a church—for Lenox in those days was quite a brisk town, having a newspaper, and those necessary public evils, the court house and jail, which now belong to Pittsfield's shire dignity — but, as time went on, Lenox deteriorated in progress, and was in danger of social extinction, until its charms were "discovered" by the "Four Hundred" and it became the fashion! St. Anne's was then built, and there is no danger of its ever growing less in prosperity; for every sign indicates the contrary, and points forward to greater distinction and honor; being as it is, in Lenox the Grand!

St. Peter's Church, Great Barrington.

CHAPTER XVI.

CATHOLICS IN BUSINESS AND PUBLIC LIFE.

1845-6—1897.

N THE early forties, as we have related, a few business enterprises were ventured by the most ambitious of the Irish Catholics; and, as these reaped a prosperous harvest, other gleaners soon entered the field to find ample profit therein.

In those days Park Row was quite a busy center of trade, and somewhere about the location of Atwood's Bicycle Factory, was a clothing store kept by Patrick Welch, who made quite a success of the business, but emigrated to California in 1849.

Another clothing store was kept by Patrick Kelly, about the same time, on the west side of North street. Mr. Kelly, later on, entered partnership, when the firm name became that of Davis, Taylor & Kelly. This old established house is now known as "Taylor's." McQuaid & Brother are the only Catholics in the city at present who are in the clothing business.

A provision shop was likewise started by a man named Neil Cafferty, sometime in the forties. Mr. Cafferty prospered also, but emigrated to California about the same time as Mr. Welch. Some time thereafter Mr. James Cook opened a provision store, which he continued for some years, selling out, in 1866, to Mr. Samuel Payne; who, after two years, likewise sold out to Casey & Bacon. Mr. Payne then embarked

in the livery business, which he continued in for thirty years, retiring in 1895.

Casey & Bacon continued the retail provision business for about fourteen years, when they sold out to Eagen, Linnehan & Company, to confine themselves to the wholesale grocer line which they still continue. Some few years after, James Eagen also started in the wholesale business which he still carries on.

J. L. Bacon, of the firm of Casey & Bacon.

There are several Catholics at present in the grocer business: McCormick & Joyce, J. M. Linnehan & Company, McMahon Brothers, Deeley Brothers, M. J. McMahon, P. P. Curtin, Driscoll & O'Brien and others.

One of the most successful and respected men who settled permanently in Pittsfield was Mr. Owen Coogan, who became a resident in 1850, having purchased the

tannery business of Messrs. Brown the year before. James Brown, grandfather of James and Simeon Brown—of whom Mr. Coogan bought the property—had built this old tannery in 1798. This line of manufacturing had always been a very lucrative one in Pittsfield—all who ventured in it becoming wealthy as time passed by. Mr. Coogan, like his predecessors, also reaped ample wealth as years rolled on.

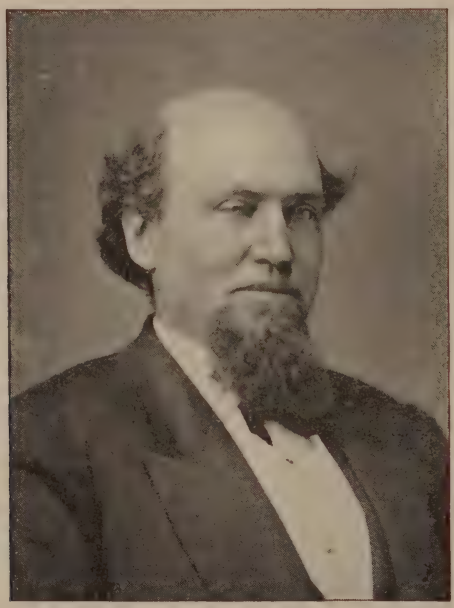
He was born in Ireland October 22nd, 1820. Nature and education befitting him to rise above the conditions which native environments forced upon him, he determined to try his fortune in this free land of ours, where merit and perseverance are sure to win; therefore, he left his native land in 1840, arriving at Quebec sometime afterwards, being but twenty years of age. Possessed of an active mind and quick perception, he readily saw there was not, in that city, the opportunities of a less crowded population, and, his ambition urging him onwards, he entered the States, where his abilities and business qualifications brought him the success he aimed at. In ten years he was enabled to purchase the leather manufacturing business of the Messrs. Brown, as related.

Here he found, in the picturesque beauty of the place, the genial warmth of its inhabitants, and hearty encouragement of its business men, all that fitted in with the poetic taste, warm-hearted generosity, and industrious perseveringness of his Celtic nature.

After some time he enlarged and well nigh rebuilt the old tannery, which his business tact and skill soon made one of the most prosperous establishments in the county. In 1884, a disastrous fire reduced the buildings almost to ashes. This catastrophe was but the

beginning of business reverses which, thereafter, visited him more than once; however, he did not lose heart but rebuilt again, continuing the business until his death on the 11th of December, 1887.

That Mr. Coogan won the esteem and confidence of all citizens is testified by their electing him to the



OWEN COOGAN.

legislature in 1875; this being the first time in Berkshire that a Catholic enjoyed this distinction.

His personal character was distinguished by rare sweetness—a trait that made his home life one of well nigh perfect happiness. His wife was Miss Eliza Booden of Ware, whom he married in 1849, four

children coming to render still more complete the domestic happiness which blessed their home.

One who knew Mr. Coogan best and closest says: "He possessed, in an eminent degree, a well bred reserve—combined with an interested sincerity in the well being of others—that made his company, socially, a treat, and intellectually, an inspiration. It was to his home, that his exiled countrymen of the neighborhood ever came when perplexed, troubled or afflicted, to find him always both wise and generous."

Mr. Coogan, more that any other of his countrymen who settled in Pittsfield, exerted an influence that did much to uproot prejudice against his race and faith, by his intellectual force and calm forbearance, under circumstances which frequently were a test of both; his solid mental and moral training bestowing a logical, clear sighted and charitable discernment, not always possessed by his less favored countrymen, when placed in like difficulties. Mr. Coogan's sons succeeded him at his death. Another man who won wealth by perseverance and business ability was Mr. Thomas Enright; who, for many years, was prominent in Pittsfield business circles as one of its most successful merchants.

Thomas Enright was born in Glin, County of Limerick, Ireland, September 9th, 1827. Coming to this country in 1847, he located in Albany for about a year, after which he came to Pittsfield, settling here in 1848. For ten years he worked at his trade of shoe making, in the employ of John and Frederick Weller, and Oliver W. Robbins.

In 1858, Mr. O. W. Robbins recognizing and appreciating the sterling business qualities of his employee,

took him as partner in the boot and shoe trade, Mr. Enright being the first of the Catholic Irish to embark in this kind of business. After eight years Mr. Robbins retired, and Mr. James A. Burbank became his successor in the partnership in 1866.

THOMAS ENRIGHT.

The name of this firm was the synonym for honesty and high class goods, which reputation brought them such a large patronage that ample fortune resulted to both partners. This firm continued in business until Mr. Enright's impaired health necessitated a retirement; and,—Mr. Burbank being loth to continue in business when his partner of so many years and tried

friend, was to be no longer in the harness with him—both partners retired in March, 1889, leaving a reputation for business integrity behind them that is most enviable.

Mr. Enright's success should be a stimulus to any ambitious young men dreaming of prosperity, for it simply points to a path of persevering fidelity and honest dealing such as is sure to bring them to the goal of their desires, if adhered to.

Thomas Enright died September 29th, 1889, being succeeded in business by his son, J. J. Enright, and his nephew, J. H. Enright.

He was one of Pittsfield's oldest citizens, one who was always interested in the welfare of the town which he had seen grow from a small village into a thriving city. As such he was honored and respected by the whole community.

Another very successful business man was James McGowan one of the earliest Catholics settlers. He was born in Coleraine, County of Derry, Ireland, in 1814; his family being one of the most respected in that part of the country. He came to America at the age of seventeen, settling for a time at Montreal, Canada, afterwards coming to Albany, and thence to Pittsfield in 1842; where,—finding employment with Gordon McKay and Edwin Clapp as bookkeeper,—he settled permanently. For a time,—some years afterwards,—he started a provision store; but, finding his old business of bookkeeping a more congenial avocation, he accepted a position with J. L. Peck & Company, which he retained for many years. He was afterwards employed by Wilson, Horton & Company at Taconic, continuing in their employ until the time of his death.

In connection with his occupation as bookkeeper, he held the positions of Deputy Sheriff and School Committeeman, as well as being on the Auditing Committee.

When Mr. McGowan was elected to the School Board, there were six Catholic teachers, out of a total of about fifty-six, employed in the schools of the town;

JAMES McGOWAN.

but, when his term of three years was finished, *there were twenty-six Catholic teachers*, a change that was brought about largely by his fearless companionship of their rights.

His character is summed up in these words, written by a friend who knew him well, at the time of his

death: "Honest, a man of integrity, who disliked anything under-handed, you always found his word as good as gold. Politically, he was a Democrat and a good fighter, and, when once he gave his word, you could rely upon his support to the last. He was kind to the unfortunate and his sympathy went out to all in trouble. Generous in spirit, many are the little things he did to make life pleasant for his friends. As a member of the committees of the town he served faithfully. As a member of the auditing committee he called all to a strict and honorable discharge of their duty. Mr. McGowan was one of the most efficient members of the school committee. In his demise Pittsfield loses a good citizen and an honest man." He died December 25th, 1890, aged seventy-six years.

Still another successful business man was Mr. James O'Donnell, who was also one of Pittsfield's early Catholic settlers. Mr. O'Donnell was a man universally liked and esteemed by his countrymen, for his genial ways and honest dealings; none being better patronized than he.

When Mr. O'Donnell started in the grocer business Pittsfield was but a small village with modest aspirations and few specialties in the merchant line. It was the custom, as with all village stores, to combine different lines of trade, making not a few of them, general supply stores.

Of all the early merchant ventures indulged, Mr. O'Donnell's grocery store and that of J. C. West & Company's were the only ones to survive the ocean sweep of more modern progress, we believe, in Pittsfield; as he continued his business for over forty years, retiring a few years before his death.

Mr. O'Donnell was born in Glashmore, County of Donegal, Ireland, in 1822; coming to this country in 1841, and settling in Pittsfield the same year, this making him one of the earliest of Irish Catholics to settle in the town.

JAMES O'DONNELL.

In 1850 Mr. O'Donnell started into the grocery business, to therein continue for forty years, with the exception of a short time, when he discontinued it and went to North Adams, where he kept a clothing house; returning to Pittsfield in about a year.

James O'Donnell died October 26th, 1895, leaving a reputation for honesty and fair dealing behind him as well as ample wealth.

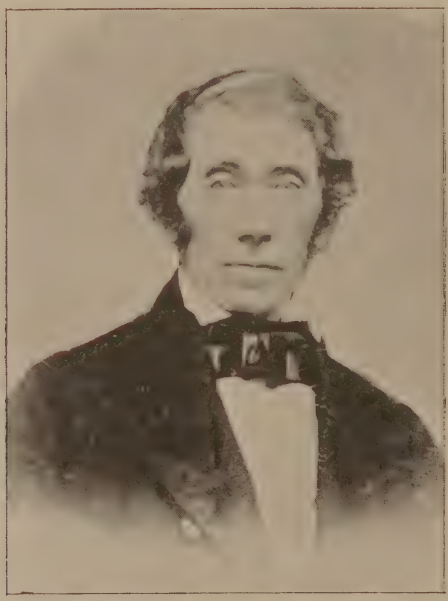
He always took a warm interest in everything pertaining to the growth of the town, which was a small village, indeed, when he came to it, having only a few Irish Catholics of its population. When he died, they had become a power in the land; a power whose influence is felt in all circles of professional and business life!

One of the best known of the old Irish settlers, whom we must not pass by without memorializing was Andrew Fahy. He was born in Longhrea, County of Galway, Ireland, in 1804. He came to this country in 1849, and settled in Pittsfield during the same year; becoming a life long resident thereafter.

Mr. Fahy, without any doubt, was one of the most popular Irishmen that ever lived in the county; every one of his countrymen knowing him and liking him well for his boundless generosity, hospitable friendliness, and genial kindliness. He was known far and near as the "emigrants friend"; his house being ever open to receive them, and his purse ever at their disposal, until employment was found and they were on the road to prosperity. No matter to him, whether they hailed from the North or the South, the East or West, of Ireland, they were all made welcome and comfortable; and, until the homesickness wore away from their sad hearts, they were consoled and cheered and sympathized with, by their kindly host and his equally kind hearted wife.

As a proof of this truly Irish hospitality—which beautiful quality seems to be becoming obsolete now-

adays, but was taught with their prayers to the children of Ireland—it is related that two emigrants, one from the "North" and the other from the "South," met at Queenstown. Accidentally, these two antipodal emigrants accosted each other, enquiring where the other was going, and each said: "I am going to Pittsfield



Andrew Fahy

to Andy Fahy's!" Not alone to this country was his fame confined, but across the ocean as well he was known, his hospitable reputation encouraging many a poor fellow to try his fortune in free America, sure at least of finding one friend in its unknown vastness. He was not satisfied with receiving them who came to

his door, but made daily trips to the "depot" lest some poor exile might be so unfortunate as to have no friend to welcome him; if any such was found, as was usually the case, he was brought home with as much rejoicing as if he was a long lost brother. Mr. Fahy died in 1870, the largest funeral cortege ever seen in Pittsfield following him to the grave.

In 1868–9–70, a man named Robert Dougherty ventured into the undertaking business, being the first of his countrymen, we believe, to embark in this particular line of trade. About the same time a man named McCarthy started a rival establishment, but discontinued it after a few months, removing from town some time thereafter.

Mr. Patrick Hanrahan, who moved here from Albany in the early seventies, was the next Catholic to open an undertaking establishment, continuing it successfully for about twelve years.

Mr. Hanrahan is well remembered as a man of genial manners, utmost cordiality and singularly hospitable nature. This combination of happy qualities made his home one of the most enjoyable to be imagined; a home whose atmosphere was that of Christian kindliness, earnest piety, and infectious happiness. An evening spent at Mr. Hanrahan's, was one to be remembered for it was always a pleasure—and ever a musical treat. He was gifted with a rare tenor voice, rich in quality and expression which he never spared in making the hours, spent at his home, most enjoyable to his guests.

He was the best tenor St. Joseph's choir ever possessed. No one who ever heard him render Rossini's "Cujus Animan" or Mozart's "Et Incarnatus" of the

Twelfth Mass, or Farmer's "Qui Tollis," is ever likely to forget it, or any other solo which fell to his lot to sing! When Mr. Hanrahan sung it was prayer, as well as richest music; and when he sung St. Patrick's hymn on Ireland's Patronal Feast Day, it was pathos as well as music and prayer! This beautiful quality

PATRICK HANRAHAN.

of expression was a rare gift; and on that day all the pathos of Erin's exiles flowed into the beautiful words of that beautiful hymn, causing the quick Irish tears to moisten every eye when his rich tones floated over the reverent listeners, filling St. Joseph's with richest melody, and making every heart throb in painful

sympathy with Erin's exiled children. Mr. Hanrahan was a real Irishman, and, because he was, his whole soul was breathed into that musical prayer for Ireland's persecuted sons and daughters. It was a treat to hear him, and then hear the great organ break into the lilting melody of St. Patrick's Day under the magic touch of Prof. Lalor's fingers!

That last "air" was the sure exorcism of all sadness for every face broke into smiles under the charm of its light hearted music. Just to hear Mr. Hanrahan sing that hymn, and Mr. Lalor play that merry air, was a treat well worth a year's waiting to enjoy!

Mr. Hanrahan was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1830, dying at Pittsfield in February, 1895. Some years before his death he sold out his undertaking business to Messrs. Kenny & Behan, who continued at it until this year of 1897, when they retired.

William Kelly was another successful undertaker, who died about four years ago, Mr. James Meehan succeeding him.

Mr. John R. Feeley is the latest one to take up this line of business, which promises abundant success in his capable hands.

John R. Feeley, one of Pittsfield's best known, most enterprising and successful young citizens, was born in this city in May, 1863. After finishing his school days, he learned the trade of reed-making with the Stevenson manufacturing concern, with which he was connected for eleven years as foreman. In 1891 he bought L. Mellody's gents' furnishing store, which he successfully conducted for four years, when he retired from the business. Afterwards he became interested in insurance, but, after a year or so, started in his present business of undertaking.

His rooms are the very best in the county, being thoroughly up to date in all their appointments, having the rare excellence of a morgue attached, a most necessary and much needed adjunct to the city's requirements. As a proof of his thorough business methods, Mr. Feeley prepared himself for his new career by taking a full course at the United States College of

JOHN R. FEELEY.

Embalming in New York, under the instruction of Professors Raonard and Burton, acknowledged to be the best authority on embalming in the United States. After receiving his diploma he returned to Pittsfield and at once entered upon the path he had chosen, opening the handsome undertaking rooms on North street, which attract every one's attention by their

cheerful appearance, every mournful feature being banished; the elegant fittings hiding all that is suggestive of sadness, and a number of magnificent palms adding a touch of beauty rarely to be seen, and most grateful to the appreciation of passers by.

John R. Feeley has a record as a politician second to none in fidelity to the offices intrusted to him. Twice he was elected to the Common Council, and, in appreciation of the services rendered, was afterward elected to the Board of Alderman by Ward Six where he served for three years. Again, he received the nomination for a fourth term; but, the democratic party, on account of his executive ability deemed him worthy of still great honor and nominated him for Mayor giving him the largest number of votes which any democratic candidate has received, with one exception,—since that time.

He has always been considered by his fellow officials as one of the most painstaking and faithful members on which-so-ever board he has served, making a record of nine hundred and sixty-four meetings during his five years of service—which is the best ever made in Pittsfield and, we are assured, is second to none in the Commonwealth. He also received the nomination for Representative. One who is well able to judge of matters political, says: "John R. Feeley is a born politician" and another says: "He was the friend of the working man and the poor." To his hard fighting is due the reduced five-cent-fare on the trolleys, which is so markedly a benefit to the working man, and so appreciably a favor to all. Everyone who knows him feels, that, in his new department he will be a marked success.

Of the younger generation of Catholics who have made a successful issue of their business ventures, none is better known than William Nugent, one of our most respected and successful business men. He was born in Fitchburgh, Mass., February 22nd, 1853, but came to Pittsfield when only four years of age, his family

WILLIAM NUGENT.

moving here at that date. His father, Michael Nugent, was a man highly respected by all who knew him, being one of the early Irishmen who made Pittsfield their permanent home. For many years he was in the employment of the Pittsfield Gas Company, a position which he held from the time of his coming to the town in 1857 until within a few years of his death.

William, his son, started early in life to earn his own living, taking a position in the newsroom of A. E. Millard, when a mere boy; winning, by his faithfulness to duty, the entire confidence of his employer, with whom he remained until manhood's years and a thorough knowledge of the business were attained. In 1879 he started into business for himself, beginning modestly and steadily succeeding until his present extensive establishment resulted; a proof surely of what perseverance and honesty may accomplish!

Mr. Nugent is one of the pioneer Temperance men of 1872, being one of the first members to join the organization, and one of the faithful few who have never deviated from its ranks, or principles. From 1880 to 1886 he served as president of the society, a signal honor surely, and clearly a proof of the estimation in which he is held by his associates, who never permit him to be free from some office of trust; that of treasurer being his present honor.

His services in the cause of Temperance are so well known that he was elected secretary of the Diocesan Union in 1882. Indeed we believe there is no man in the city, or ever has been, who holds as many responsible offices as he; being treasurer of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and secretary of the School Board, upon which he has served since 1891, in connection with his many other obligations, which increase rather than decrease, with the passage of years.

In 1895, he added a new branch to his already extensive news and variety business by buying out the post office rotunda news room, the veteran stand of that veteran news dealer, John G. Holland. This office is conducted by Mr. Thomas Conlin, a partner of Mr. Nugent, and formerly one of his salesmen.

Mr. Conlin acquired a thorough knowledge of the newspaper business, under Mr. Nugent's supervision, so that, in entering upon this new venture, he was fully equipped with a practical experience, which, in addition to his own gentlemanly personality and faithfulness to duty, has brought to the Rotunda the very best of Pittsfield's patronage, and ensures a still greater increase of sales, as the years go by.

Dr. Wm. M. Mercer.

Thomas F. Conlin was born in Pittsfield February 19th, 1871, and received his education in the public schools, finishing at the high school.

His father is Owen Conlin one of our early Irish settlers, who has lived in Pittsfield since early manhood coming to the town in 1852.

The first Irish Catholic physician to settle in Pittsfield was Dr. William M. Mercer, a man whose name is known and respected throughout Berkshire. Dr. Mercer is one of our most honored physicians, and, in addition to this, he is a thorough gentleman. No more honorable or kindly a character has ever brought respect unto the Catholic Irish of Berkshire than he! His career is blameless, his character spotless, and his kindliness of the truest. Experience and gratitude demand this small tribute of esteem for one, whose kindliness, in hours of sorrow, helped to dispel their darkness, and render their burdens lighter!

He graduated from Harvard in 1857, locating in Pittsfield the same year. For about twenty years he has served on the School Board, which, surely, is sufficient testimony to his worth and the confidence placed in him by his townsmen and fellow Catholics. He has also served as selectman under the old regime. Other Catholic members of the medical fraternity are Drs. J. J. Flynn, W. J. Mercer, William J. Kelly, J. A. Langlois, W. A. Millet, and M. W. Flynn, D. D. S.

Dr. Joseph Flynn, one of the most promising young physicians which Pittsfield ever had, was one of her own sons, and the first of the native Catholics to take up the profession of medicine. His untimely death in 1893, cut short a career that might have ended in wealth and honor.

Another member of the School Board who has served faithfully and with entire satisfaction is Mr. J. M. Linnehan, one of our young Catholic business men. Mr. Linnehan was one of the firm which succeeded Casey & Bacon in the retail provision business in 1880. Since which time he has continued steadfastly at this

line of trade. When Pittsfield became a city in 1891 he was elected to the School Board, his ward giving him that honor ever since. He is a native of Pittsfield being born in 1857. J. M. Linnehan & Co. enjoy a good share of the city's patronage, and deservedly so. Other Catholics who have served on the

JEREMIAH M. LINNEHAN.

School Board are Messrs. P. P. Curtin, J. Weldon and John Hayden.

Mr. William J. Coogan, son of Mr. Owen Coogan, is the first and only Catholic who has ever been honored by the postmastership. He was appointed to this office under Cleveland's first administration, and reappointed

on the return of President Cleveland to the White House in 1893. Mr. Coogan was born in Pittsfield in 1850. After finishing his studies in the public schools he entered Seton Hall College, New Jersey, whence he graduated in due time. Robert F. Stanton, another young Catholic, is assistant postmaster.

WILLIAM J. COOGAN.

His brother Clement F. Coogan has also held a number of public offices of honor and trust. In connection with the Tannery business, which he successfully conducts, he has also been treasurer of St. Joseph's Church for a number of years.

In 1849, Mr. Patrick Cullen settled in the town, marrying a sister of Mr. Owen Coogan. Mr. Cullen conducted a very successful harness shop in Goodrich's

block as early as 1853. He died in 1868,—Mr. Thomas Behan succeeding him in the business and still continuing the same. Mr. Stapleton is likewise engaged in the harness trade.

The Dry Goods trade has but one Catholic firm in the city, that of Cullen Brothers, but they were not

CLEMENT F. COOGAN.

the first to embark in it. Away back in the fifties James Cook ventured in this business, and then later on a Mr. Malley conducted a well remembered and enterprising "New York Store," where Talbot Bros. now are. Still later, Malley & Costello opened a handsome Emporium in the, then, "New Academy of Music block" but removed to Springfield sometime afterwards.

Mr. T. L. Doyle was the next Catholic to venture in the dry goods business, and then Cullen Brothers, and, later still, James O'Loughlin.

In the shoe business, besides the firm of J. H. & J. E. Enright, are John H. Murphy and Branley & Linnehan, who recently succeeded Michael McDonald.

JOHN J. NELLIGAN.

Among the Catholic coal dealers, G. H. Walsh was the first to venture in this enterprise, J. Coughlin and John Garvin likewise taking up this business more recently.

In the professions, Catholics abound and succeed. William Turtle was the first Catholic to open a law office in Pittsfield, about 1881. Mr. Turtle is a native

of Berkshire and one of the brightest lights of the Berkshire bar.

Two of our Berkshire "boys" more recently lawyers are John J. Nelligan and H. J. Ryan.

Mr. Nelligan was born at South Lee in 1856; admitted to the bar in 1887, settling in Pittsfield the same year.

HENRY J. RYAN.

Henry J. Ryan was born in Dalton in 1862, studied at Boston Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1886, in which year he located in Pittsfield. Edward Scully, D. P. Barry and J. Fallon are all Berkshire "boys," who have opened offices in Pittsfield during this year.

Patrick J. Moore, Esq., located in Pittsfield in November, 1896, being admitted to the bar in 1885 in

Hamden County. He has been prominent in politics, taking great interest in public affairs and very popular with his supporters.

We find the following named persons under the heading Justices of Peace in the directory, Edward Cain, Thomas N. Enright and James McKenna.

In political life the Irish Catholics are a power—being, as they are, so great a proportion of our population. Peter J. McDonald was the second Catholic elected to the Legislature in 1888 holding the office of representative for two terms, no Catholic being a successful candidate since. James Synan being the youngest candidate for this office we believe that Pittsfield has ever nominated. Mr. Synan was born in Pittsfield in 1870.

The first Irish Catholic to venture in the druggist business in Berkshire county was J. J. Murphy, who has successfully continued in the same since 1877, being twenty years a resident of Pittsfield and one of her most enterprising business men.

Mr. Murphy was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1852, coming to this country when only four years of age, his family locating in the county during the year of 1857. Though not a native of Pittsfield, his whole life has been spent here and, consequently, his whole interest is centered in its welfare; for the village of Berkshire, where his parents located, is practically a part of this, our shire town. His standing in his profession is best proven by the fact of his being elected vice-president of the Massachusetts Pharmaceutical Association in 1896. He is popular with all classes, genial and enterprising.

Thomas Farrell and Edward Fahy, both Pittsfield boys, were the next Catholics to select the profession of druggist as their avocation, each conducting a successful business at present.

Messrs. Levy and Bastion are the first Catholics to conduct electrical supply business.

James W. Synan.

Our splendid system of street railways is managed by Messrs. Dolan, who became residents a few years ago, giving us "trolleys" that are equal to any in the country, and superior to most.

Thomas N. Enright, E. F. Flanagan, James McKenna and Thomas Kernan are insurance and real estate men and D. W. Devanney a well known and successful contractor.

In the jeweler business, there is but one Catholic, John F. O'Kane, a young man recently embarking in it. Mr. O'Kane is a native of Pittsfield and one of her most exemplary sons.

In other lines of trade there is William Linnehan, in the carpet business, William P. Boden, in the tea and coffee business, Louis Blain, in tinware business, John O'Connell, in the grocery and meat market business, and Kirk & Mathews in the marble business. St. James & Fitzgerald and J. Powers in the baking business. If there are any others we do not know of them.

A word about some of our "benefit" associations and we are done.

THE A. O. H.

The "A. O. H." was founded in 1879 by Dennis Nelligan, who became one of the population at that time. He was also its first president. This organization has attained great strength in the eighteen years of its existence, being the largest in the state at present, having two hundred and seventy-five members in good standing. It also boasts the finest assembly rooms in the state, and ambitions a building of its own in the not far distant future.

The insurance benefit attached to membership, is an added inducement which steadily brings new associates to its ranks; an excellent library of about four hundred books doing much good by its attractive and beneficial reading matter.

In 1895 the largest convention of the order in Massachusetts was held at "Maplewood," three hundred and fifty delegates attending a three days' session. On the

second day a great banquet was given the visitors, at which Ex-State Senator E. J. Slattery of South Framingham, Ex-State President of the A. O. H., M. P. Clare, Senator William J. Mahony of Westfield, and Mayor Crosby, delivered speeches felicitous and appropriate.

The third day's celebration was the grandest event of all; a great ball being held at the Academy of Music which was considered by many, the finest of the kind ever held in Berkshire. The decorator was the best Springfield could afford—his work giving excellent satisfaction by its artistic elegence. The music was furnished by an orchestra of thirty pieces, which discoursed harmony itself, in a concert given previously to the opening of the ball.

The present officers of the A. O. H. are William Joyce, President; Thomas Brady, Vice President; A. T. Mandell, Treasurer; Joseph Fitzgerald, Financial Secretary; Thomas P. McLaughlin, Recording Secretary.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

This popular organization is but a few years old, but gives great promise of a long and useful existence.

It sprang into life in Connecticut a few years ago, some priest being its founder, we believe. Its aims are laudable in the extreme, being those of providing Catholics with the same beneficiary results accruing from membership in organizations such as the Odd Fellows and kindred societies that are not Catholic. It is purely social and beneficial, and has about one hundred members, who are enthusiastic workers in it cause. It numbers among its members all of our Catholic

business men, if we mistake not, and is regularly initiating new knights into its ritual.

This "ritual" is said to be most beautiful, being singularly solemn and impressive. It first "Grand Master" was William Turtle; its present one is James McQuaid.

The "Sarsfield" association, established in 1873, has recently become identified with the A. O. H. forming a Council of its own.

There are a couple of "Courts" of the Forresters also in town, which associations are content with quiet ways; never coming into public notice as yet, by any demonstration.

FINIS.

CATALOGUE OF EVENTS.

Pittsfield settled in 1752.
First Irish name, Patrick McGee, 1778.
Visit of de la Fayette, 1825.
First Irish settlers, 1832.
" Mass in Pittsfield, 1835.
" Church built, 1844.
" Resident pastor, 1848.
Father Cuddihy, 1852–57, appointed pastor at Milford.
" Purcell's pastorate, 1853–91.
" Lynch, 1860–63, pastor of North Adams.
" Maguire, 1863–66.
" Lamarque, 1866–67, first pastor of the French.
" Patterson, 1867–69, pastor at Clinton.
" Cummings, 1867–70, transferred to Clinton.
" O'Brien, 1869–70, pastor at Cambridge.
" Henneberry, 1870–71, " " Greenfield.
Rev. P. J. Sheehan, 1871–72, " " Hinsdale.
" J. T. Sheehan, 1872–78, " " Holyoke.
" Thomas N. Smythe, 1873–74, pastor at Westfield.
" Lawrence Durwin, 1876, " " Huntington.
" R. F. Walsh, 1876–78, " " Easthampton.
" R. S. J. Burke, 1878–82, " " Westboro'.
" J. F. McDermott, 1879–87, " " Gardiner.
" H. J. Mulligan, 1882–83, transferred to Hingham.
" Michael Harty, 1883, died at Holyoke.
" Thomas Joyce, 1883–4, pastor at Holden.
" M. J. Courtney, 1884, died at Holyoke.
" T. H. McLaughlin, 1885–'96, pastor at Huntington.
" Patrick Burke 1887–'90, died at Webster.
" J. M. Kenny came in 1890, at present curate of St. Joseph's.
" J. F. Fitzgerald, 1896, " " "
" J. J. Bell, 1897, " " "
St. Joseph's property bought in 1864, $10,000.
" dedicated 1866, November 11th, $100,000.

French parish formed, 1867.
First pastor of the French, Rev. N. Lamarque.
Second " " " " A. Derbuil.
Third " " " " J. Quevillon.
Fourth " " " " Father Desaulniers.
Fifth " " " " L. O. Triganne.
Sixth " " " " A. L'Heureux.
The old church bought in 1874, $6,000.
Notre Dame built in 1895–7, $50,000.
" " dedicated May, 1897.
St. Joseph's parochial house built, 1872.
Father Purcell's silver jubilee, 1878.
" Quevillon's golden jubilee, 1878.
St. Joseph's consecrated November 29th, 1889.
Father Purcell's death, November 9th, 1891.
Rev. T. M. Smith his successor took charge December, 1891.
Rink property bought April 4th, 1887, $22,000.
Old school property bought August 1st, 1895, $5,000.
St. Charles parish founded 1893.
Rev. C. J. Boylan first pastor, 1893.
St. Charles' parish bought of D. G. Burbank church property January 9th, 1894, $1,200.
St. Charles' dedicated October 7th, 1894.
Corner stone of Convent laid May, 1896.
Opened as a school, September 14th, 1897.
First superior Sister Irene.

PITTSFIELD CATHOLIC SOLDIERS.

"ALLEN GUARD."

Eighth Regiment Massachusetts Infantry.

William Costello,
James Goggins,
Daniel Hughes,
Thomas Joyce,
Anthony Mullaney,
James McKenna,
William McKenna,
Mitchel Montville,
Richard Powers,
J. T. Rouse.

Eighth Regiment, M. V.

Timothy Drew, *Corporal.*

Privates.

Peter Bordeau,
Patrick Casey,
John Collins,
William Fabricius,
James Houlihan,
Frank McDonald,
Joseph P. Murphy,
Edward J. Ryan,
John Ryan.

Cavalry.

Patrick Bellew,
Maurice Casey,
Anthony Conway,
Edward Danis,
James Dolan,
Martin Feeney,
James Guinan,
Thomas Donahue,
James Conlin,
Dennis Fagan,
Daniel McKenna,
William McKenna,
Thomas Quinn,
James Solon.

United States Regulars.

T. J. Connolly,
Hugh Moran,
Morris Noonan,
John McGinness.

VETERAN RESERVES.

James Barrett,
James Brady,
Michael Brady,
Patrick Broderick,
Anthony Craven,
William Dalton,
James Dugan,
James Dinneen,
Peter Fitzgerald,
N. J. Guinan,
Thomas Kennedy,
John Leary,
Patrick Leary,
John Lynch,
George McCabe,
Michael McIntyre,
Eugene O'Callahan,
Hugh O'Hearn,
Hugh O'Neil,
William Quinlan.

TENTH REGIMENT, M. V. M.

Corporals.

Thomas Duffy,
James Finnegan,
T. Murphy,

Privates.

John Carey,
James Cassidy,
John E. Daly,
John Eagen,
William Hogan,
T. G. Larkin,
John Martin,
Daniel Reardon,
Richard Ryan,
Thomas Shannon.

TWELFTH REGIMENT.

John Claffie.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Michael Cozzens,
James Lawler,
Thomas Murphy.
Hugh Nugent,
John O'Marra.

EIGHTEETH REGIMENT.

Patrick Cannon,
James Dwyer.

NINETEENTH REGIMENT.

Joseph McCabe,
James Thornton.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

John Corbett,
James Devine,
John Kennedy,
Thomas Lew.

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

William Costello,
John Farrelly,
Xavier Jourdan,
Jeremiah Kelly,
Edward Mountain,
Hugh Murphy.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Corporal.

Timothy Reardon.

Privates.

James Lynch,
John McCarthy,
John McKenna,
Peter Powers,
Michael Quinn.

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

John Gorman,
James Donlin,
John Eagen,
William O'Brien,
Dennis O'Connor.

TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Corporal.

Michael Mullaney.

Privates.

Frank Cassidy,
Richard Owen,
John Raftus.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

Edward Byrne,
Patrick Carney,
Robert Corbett,
John Glynn,
Martin Hopper,
Daniel Hughes.
Joseph Jeandreau,
William Jeandreau,
John Lassure,
Henry J. Lyons,
Peter McCann,
Patrick McDonald,
William Meehan,
G. E. Mullen,
Michael Mullaney,
Michael O'Neil,
Edward Quigley,
W. H. Rooney,
Daniel Shannon,
William Sullivan,
James Tate,
Thomas Tobin.

Thirty-Fourth Regiment.

Officers Non. Com.

M. F. Mullen,
James Dempsey,
Michael Hayden.

Privates.

Edward Burns,
William Burns,
Edward Byrnes,
John Casey,
Patrick Garry,
John Grady,
Michael Haggerty,
William Hogan,
William Kelly,
James Lynch,
Michael Mullens,
Thomas O'Connor,
Philip Otis,
Michael Quinn,
James Smith,
John Wilmot.

Thirty-Sixth Regiment.

Jerry Kelly,
Hugh Murphy.

Thirty-Seventh Regiment.

Michael Casey, *Lieutenant.*
Thomas Fallon, *Corporal.*

Privates.

Andrew Donlin,
John Fallon,
Christopher Farrell,
Patrick Hussey,
John McGeehin,
Thomas Shannon,
John Welsh,
Michael Young.

Thirty-Ninth Regiment.

John Caffrey.

Fifty-Seventh Regiment.

Peter Morrisey.

Fifty-Eighth Regiment.

Daniel Higgins.

ARTILLERYMEN.

Henry Welch, *Corporal.*

Privates.

Peter O'Donnell,
William Reardon,
Thomas Reardon,
John O'Rourke,
John O'Marra,
Hugh Brady,
Thomas C. Keefe,
Philip Powers,
Thomas Murphy,
James Lawler,
Michael Cozzens.

FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT (SPECIAL BERKSHIRE.)

Michael F. Daly,
Michael H. Hanley,
Timothy Drew,
William O'Brien,
Hugh Reardon,
Timothy Reardon,
James E. Bastianella,
Michael Daniels,
Joseph Gallipeaux,
James McKenna,
James H. Caden,
Michael Curley,
Joseph T. Daly,
Michael L. Davis,
Daniel Davis,
James Dunn,
Edward Ferron,
Michael Fallon,
Michael Larkin,
Thomas McKenna.

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